

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 254, Vol. 10.

September 8, 1860.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

MR. GLADSTONE.

COMMENTATORS on current political events have lately been often compelled to speak of Mr. GLADSTONE with severity, and even with bitterness. The rashness of his measures and the perversity of his language might have been comparatively tolerable, if his errors in word and deed had been less uniformly connected with the defects of his remarkable character and intellect. In the ordinary intercourse of life, offence is rarely taken at isolated acts, until experience shows that they represent the natural consequences of a special idiosyncrasy. Except in extreme cases of provocation, it is difficult to quarrel with a stranger, while the irritating peculiarities of everyday companions grate painfully on the sensitiveness of accustomed nerves. An observant moralist remarked that the only faults which could not be forgiven were those which could not be helped. An accidental scratch might be passed over as a trifle, but as long as the barren abundance of prickles is inseparable from the conception of a thistle, it is impossible to place the plant on a level with the harmless and fruitful fig-tree. Mr. GLADSTONE'S paradoxes and tergiversations and eccentricities would be far less objectionable if they were not so thoroughly natural and intelligible. The abnormal curve of his conduct coincides with the calculation of the internal forces by which it is determined; and when the complicated formula is once ascertained—

Comets are regular, and Gladstone plain.

Unfortunately, the satisfied astronomer is forced to admit that so devious a luminary furnishes but an inconvenient substitute for the commonplace heavenly bodies. There is a subjective consistency in Mr. GLADSTONE'S oddest gyrations, but the country cannot afford to have its Budgets converted into illustrations of personal character.

In such a case as that of Mr. GLADSTONE, it is not without regret that political criticism finds itself occasionally assuming the form of satire, and even of invective; for his conduct is always, in a certain sense, conscientious, and even when it is most indefensible, it is never selfish or mean. He would walk barefoot from London to York to-morrow to vindicate the most transient of his convictions, and he would walk barefoot back again the next day as a martyr of the opposite opinion. Sincerity, even when it is cut up into short lengths, is always in itself respectable, but in Mr. GLADSTONE'S case it degenerates into an extravagant, fitful, forgetful, and improvident credulity. No other mind in all England had persuaded itself four years ago that the nation was bound by a solemn compact with itself to reduce the Income-tax, irrespective of consequences, in 1856, and to repeal it in 1860. It was more strange that the same solitary dogmatist, in announcing an increased Income-tax for the present year, should solemnly declare that good faith required an immediate reduction, not of the condemned impost, but of indirect taxation. If Sir ROBERT PEEL had been guilty of a similar contradiction, it would have been easy to understand a course which would probably have been prudent, patriotic, tortuous, and awkward. The old opinion would have been gradually abandoned in favour of the new doctrine, with a hesitating perception of former error; but confidence, in Mr. GLADSTONE'S bosom, springs up like the gourd in the Book of JONAH or the bean-stalk in the tale. In February, he was never troubled with a doubt of the expediency of a measure which was to make spirits cheaper. In July, he boasted of a plan for making spirits permanently dearer, as if an off-hand financial makeshift had been a great moral and social discovery. Cautious politicians consider all sides of a question before they form a resolution. Mr. GLADSTONE exclusively regards one side at a time, and he seldom looks twice at the same side. It is singular that the versatile

levity of a sceptic should be combined with the intolerant obstinacy of a hide-bound fanatic.

The general and well-founded belief that Mr. GLADSTONE is wanting in common sense admits of more accurate exposition, for the logical characteristics of his understanding are as peculiar as his powers of practical observation are defective. The conclusions of science and the rule of thumb are trustworthy and generally coincident. In the conduct of public affairs, ordinary guidance must be derived from experience and from a natural and acquired instinct of fitness; but the empirical art of government ought also to be tested and controlled by reference to a few broad political and economical principles. Mr. GLADSTONE is by nature devoid of the intuitive faculty which appreciates persons and events, and his mind is too active and ingenious to acquiesce in a result until he has furnished it with a theory on which it may repose. He accordingly expands into maxims the decisions of the moment, gratuitously challenging the hostility of those who dispute his generalizations, as well as of the special opponents of his measures. When he left office in the middle of the Russian war, it was a flagrant error to pass at once into violent opposition; but a course which was probably dictated by intelligible passion and prejudice became inexcusable when he extemporized the pretext of an entire change in the character of the struggle. Because some abortive negotiations at Vienna had broken off, Mr. GLADSTONE deliberately asserted that a new war had commenced about a month after his own resignation. Without any more plausible colour for his conduct, he persevered to the end of the struggle in thwarting, by every means in his power, the policy of the English Government. It might have been possible to devise a justification for his conduct if he had not been condemned by the terms of his own apology; for, whether the continuance of the Crimean campaign was advantageous or inexpedient, it was absolutely certain that the war was the original Russian war. A still more superfluous blunder, arising from the same intellectual trick or habit, was committed in the argument from the expected Parliamentary Reform which was adduced in favour of the recent Budget. When the House of Commons was urged to impress its own disinterestedness on the new constituencies by relieving the poor at the expense of the rich, a defensible experiment in finance was at once converted into a questionable political device. It is impossible to suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE had ever thought of irrelevant Reform Bills when he agreed to the French Treaty, or when he determined on the repeal of the Paper-duty. The framework of theory which he appended to his financial machine would have been wholly unnecessary even if it had not been so contrived as to stick fast in the door.

Endowed with all high feelings and generous impulses, almost unequalled in political knowledge, and wholly unapproached in Parliamentary eloquence, Mr. GLADSTONE, enjoying the genuine attachment of his friends and the personal esteem of his opponents, nevertheless fails to command the hearty confidence of any party in the State. Although he has recently approximated to the Financial Reformers of Liverpool and to the malignant peacemongers of Manchester, the leaders of revolutionary factions are well aware that, in their farther progress, they would clash with the political and ecclesiastical prepossessions of their impracticable ally. Within two years the incredible absurdity of Mr. GLADSTONE'S proceedings in the Ionian Islands was only to be explained by his early prejudice in favour of an ancient Church which, like his own, repudiated the supremacy of the POPE. The QUEEN'S representative degraded his office by publicly kissing the hand of a Greek prelate, because he was intoxicated by the maintenance of the Apostolic Succession in the Homeric island of Alcinous. Mr. BRIGHT may approve of the scheme which provided for the pacification of a mutinous dependency by facilitating the impeachment of the

LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER, but he can scarcely rely on a confederate who is far from sharing in the impartial indifference with which he probably himself regards the Odyssey and the decrees of the first three General Councils.

If Mr. GLADSTONE were to retire into private life, an undeniable void would be created in Parliament and among the higher class of statesmen; but his future career, if it resembles his recent conduct, will increase neither his utility nor his reputation. His attempt to produce a collision between the two Houses on the question of the Paper-duty was as reprehensible in substance as it was extravagant in occasion and method. His ostentatious absence from his place during the debate on the National Defences was inconsistent with his official duty, and it involved a profession of the Manchester faith of non-resistance. The avowal of the desire to promote economy by rendering taxation oppressive proves that he can only discharge his obvious duty by inconsistency or by accident. It would not be difficult for a hostile critic to accumulate additional charges, but the invidious task of denunciation is happily superseded by general assent. There could be little difference of opinion on the expediency of removing Mr. GLADSTONE from office if he could cease to be a Minister without becoming a leader of Opposition. It may almost be doubted whether any Government can stand with him or against him. The tame elephants, his colleagues, even when he has all the burden of business on his back, fail to reduce his movements within the ordinary limits of custom and regularity; and if he broke loose from the inclosure of office, it is easy to see that he would display uncontrollable wildness. The next Budget will involve many difficulties, even if it is framed with the most unambitious prudence; and it may be almost impossible to pass it if Mr. GLADSTONE devotes his energies to the task of pulling it to pieces. If, on the other hand, he remains at the Exchequer, he may perhaps find a new path for his ingenuity by adhering in practice to a modest simplicity which might readily be idealized into a complete financial theory. No orator would explain with equal clearness that changes in taxation are at best necessary evils, that use and time approximately adjust all fiscal inequalities, and that the business of a Chancellor of the Exchequer is not to effect commercial revolutions, but to provide by the plainest methods a moderate balance on the right side of the national ledger. A watch which is alternately too fast and too slow must now and then come right, and calculators of chances may perhaps conclude that it is now Mr. GLADSTONE'S turn to coincide with the dial. If his conformity with the ordinary measures of time could be permanently maintained, the works of his understanding might justly be described as the "perfection of mechanism."

BERWICK-UPON-TWEED.

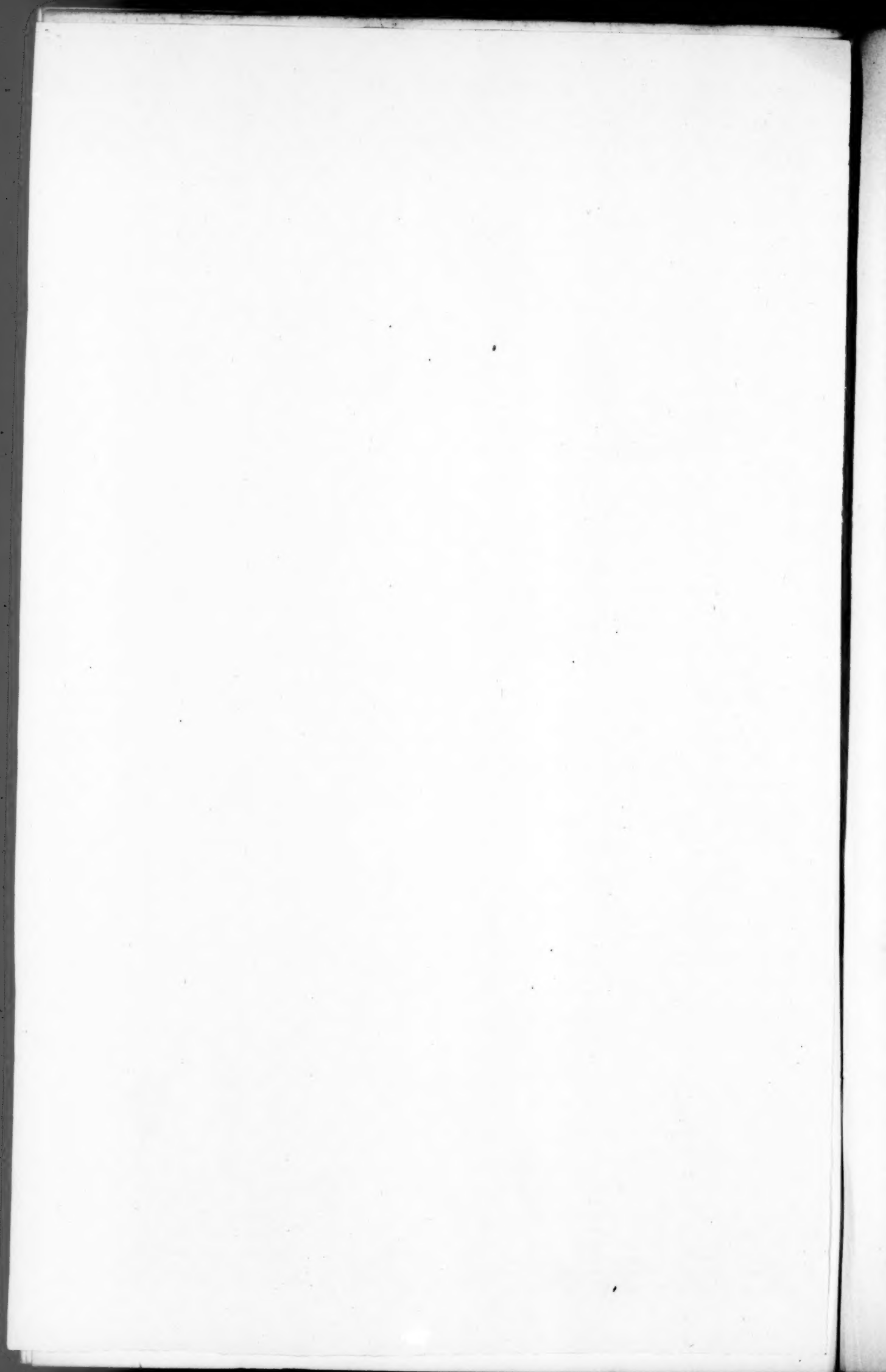
THE Berwick-upon-Tweed Election Commissioners have adjourned to the end of October, and the result of their inquiry will of course not be made formally known till after that date. But a formal sentence is not needed to enable us to make up our mind as to the result. At Berwick-upon-Tweed, as in the majority of boroughs, "the highest earthly work of man," as ARNOLD magniloquently styles politics, is a fetid pool of bribery, jobbery, mendacity, and intrigue, carried on partly by amateur, partly by professional rogues. And this is the way in which members of Parliament are made! If we ever get into another dilemma like that of the Crimean expedition, and a want is again felt of able men to take the helm, we have no doubt the electors of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and all the compeers of Berwick-upon-Tweed in electoral corruption, will be once more denouncing the want of genius in high places, and clamouring for some great man to arise in Parliament and save the nation by miracles of administrative power. It never occurs to them that they take a most effectual security against the entrance of any great man into Parliament, by making the passage to the House of Commons so low that no great man can stoop his head to pass through it, and so foul that no honourable man can approach it without disgust. An eminent Polish patriot once submitted to the initiatory rite of Mahometanism, in order that he might be able to fight under the Turkish standard against the oppressors of his country; but an honest man will scarcely submit to the initiatory rite of roguery in order to have the privilege of slaving all the spring and summer in the public service. Vanity and self-interest, of course, will do anything—the one for its corrupt ends, the other for an opportunity of

chattering in public—the most intense of all pleasures to a fool. Men of the stamp to serve a nation in extremity will not relinquish the dignity, the purity, the self-respect of a useful private life to ride a tricky race for an equivocal distinction. When CLIVE was accused of having taken a large sum from an Indian Prince, he replied, with an oath, that, considering how enormous his temptations had been, he stood astonished at his own moderation. Members of Parliament are denounced as wanting in principle; but when we consider the masses of dirt their constituents force them to eat—the corruption, either in the shape of direct bribes or extorted alms and subscriptions, which they are compelled to practise—the sycophancy and flattery to which they are compelled to stoop—the demoralizing and degrading pledges which they are compelled to take—we stand astonished at their extraordinary virtue. Probably the downright purchase of votes at the fair market price—in which the purchaser wastes nothing but his money, while the seller obtains the only political object he can understand—is by no means the most corrupting of the modes by which boroughs are won. And the worst of it is there is no visible improvement. Things are just as bad as they were on the morrow of the Reform Bill—worse, indeed, for, in the excitement which then prevailed it was easier to carry a borough on principle.

The singularity of the Berwick-upon-Tweed case is, that some of the mud which is thrown about on all sides sticks to the name of a Right Honourable Gentleman who was, at the time in question, Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. Mr. DISRAELI has been wooed in vain by his friends in the *Times* to offer an explanation of the affair in his own person. He coyly leaves his private secretary to say a good word for him. The evidence does not appear to us to prove that he has been guilty of such an act of idiocy as actually to have a hand in the corruption of Berwick-upon-Tweed. The attempt to fix that charge upon him seems decidedly a "plant," his being made the subject of which is, however, a gratifying tribute to his position in public opinion. But it is proved by the evidence of his own private secretary that he condescended to hold intercourse with BRODIE, who, to use Mr. DISRAELI'S own phrase, was a "character"—a "character" whom no man of sense would have allowed to approach him a second time. With this man the successor of PITT was seen talking in the hall of the House of Commons, and to him he gave an envelope addressed to Mr. ROSE, a gentleman who appears to be engaged in a very confidential capacity for the promotion of Conservative principles. Of the contents of the envelope history will probably for ever remain ignorant, and we are content with the assurance that they "might have been read at Charing-cross." It is probably just, as well as charitable, to characterize the affair in itself as an indiscretion. But from "indiscretions" of this kind a man is infallibly preserved by a quick sense of honour, and even by that pride and loftiness of bearing which attends real intellectual power and a mind bent on high designs. Mr. DISRAELI'S colleagues have been charged with injuring his moral position by their incorrigible habit of jobbing. Which of them was ever caught in the hall of the House of Commons conversing with a BRODIE? Which of them ever got into such a scrape as that into which Mr. DISRAELI has got with Colonel RATHBORNE? Simultaneously with the BRODIE affair, the inexorable Colonel again challenges an inquiry, and undertakes to prove that the "unknown envoy" who endeavoured to get back Mr. DISRAELI'S letters was well known to Mr. DISRAELI, and employed in his behalf; and that the price offered for the surrender of the letters was the opening, through the Right Hon. Gentleman's renewed amity, of the path of public honours and rewards to a man "vexed with an infirmity of suspicion touching on insanity."

Considering the holocaust of public interest that has been sacrificed to Mr. DISRAELI'S disappointed vanity—considering the disruption, for his personal objects, of the great Conservative party, and the years of misgovernment, fiscal maladministration, and diplomatic extravagance that ensued—considering that, to open his road to office, Lord ABERDEEN was driven over the precipice into the Russian war—considering how a great power in the State has been prostrated and degraded in his hands—we have a right to get out of him, if we can, the poor satisfaction of a moral. And the moral we derive from his career is that in public life, as in other callings, honourable industry is the only path to genuine greatness. We do not mean that a man, conscious of great abilities and high aspirations is to bury himself like a mole in small details, but we do mean that, if he means to attain solid success as

all
a
r
e
t,
d
t
r
e
d
e
o
y
r
s
y
t
l
a
r



a statesman, he must give his mind to practical questions. Mr. DISRAELI has taken—perhaps we should say he has been forced to take—the other line. Wanting the knowledge and the power to grapple with practical questions, he has always tried to rise and to sustain himself by great hits. We have before had occasion to observe that, though he has been fourteen years at the head of a party, and twice virtual Prime Minister, not a single practical measure is connected with his name. The objects which occupied the old Conservative party—fiscal reform—law reform—the regeneration of Ireland—the education question—the inauguration of a moderate and pacific foreign policy—were great enough to exercise considerable powers of mind. But they were all mint and cummin to the soaring genius of Mr. DISRAELI, who could turn his attention to nothing less comprehensive than “the Condition of England question.” The “Condition of England question” having evaporated instantly upon the accession of its prophet to power, nothing remained but the lowest possible tactics in Parliament, and the agencies of which we catch a glimpse through the RATHBORNE and BRODIE affairs outside. Mr. DISRAELI has achieved singular, almost romantic success. He has realized with magical completeness the programme of *Vivian Grey*. But those who are inclined to be dazzled by his elevation should remember that it was due to an accident, on the recurrence of which it would be chimerical to reckon. He had invested his whole capital in vitriol, which, in the natural course of things, would have proved a pungent but unprofitable investment. The unexpected quarrel between the Conservative party and its leaders sent vitriol up to an immense premium, and Mr. DISRAELI realized at an enormous profit. On that profit he has lived ever since, but it is now pretty well exhausted. The process of reflection and reformation, of reviving wisdom and returning honour, has already commenced in the Conservative party, and before many years are over, this episode of trickery and degradation will be looked back upon as a strange and somewhat ugly dream.

PRESIDENT-MAKING IN AMERICA.

THE American newspapers assure us that the oldest politicians of the United States remember no such Presidential election as that which is now close at hand. On all former occasions each party has felt certain of the success of its own candidate; but the peculiarity of the present contest is, that not a single one of the contending factions professes absolute confidence in its own prospects. All this uncertainty arises from that necessity for obtaining an absolute majority which is a first principle of political action in the United States. More than an exact half of the Presidential Electors chosen by the people must unite in favour of some one name, or else the election devolves on the House of Representatives. It is extremely improbable that the requisite number of votes will be obtained by Mr. LINCOLN, the candidate whose chances of success are far the greatest; and if the expected result follows in the shape of an election by the Representatives, the whole question is delivered over to intrigue, personal influence, and perhaps corruption. A body of gentlemen which had to manœuvre for the best part of two months before it could choose a Speaker, is not likely to be more speedy or straightforward in the formidable duty of electing a Chief Magistrate for the Union.

The miscarriage of certain provisions of the Constitution of the United States forms a curious subject. One such failure is brought into very conspicuous prominence by the pending election. There is no doubt that the College of Presidential Electors provided for in the Constitution was intended by the founders of the Republic to be an active and substantial, and not a merely formal institution. The people, voting with such suffrage as the laws of each State allowed, were to select a number of persons possessing weight, station, and character; and these gentlemen, after deliberating among themselves, were to choose the best man in the Union for President. Strange as it may seem, WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, HAMILTON, and ADAMS never contemplated the choice of a President by universal suffrage. Not only was universal suffrage, except in a few States, unknown in their day, but there was also a body interposed between the people and the ultimate election, which the statesmen of the last century considered to be a sufficient safeguard against the caprice and ignorance of a multitudinous constituency. There never was an institution, however, which more completely disappointed the expectations of its

authors. Except on one occasion, it never entered the mind of the Electoral College even to think of putting into exercise its undoubted powers. From the very first, the Electors were satisfied to regard themselves as merely delegated by the people to nominate a particular person. Perhaps this misconception of their functions was originally caused by the accidental circumstance that there were two or three great men in the United States who conspicuously represented the principal shades of opinion which divided the country. No set of Presidential electors could have dreamed of naming anybody but WASHINGTON to the first two Presidencies; and, when more democratic opinions began to prevail, no electoral college with a general democratic bias could have given its vote to anybody but JEFFERSON. At all events, it became the confirmed practice in the United States for the Electors to be distinctly chosen, and to consider themselves distinctly chosen, as simple nominees. Very few vestiges of the original scheme of the Constitution can now be detected. The people, however, in the various States still vote, not directly for a President, but for a list of Presidential Electors, though the list has become a mere “ticket,” and the greater part of the persons named on it have never even been heard of by the immense majority of American citizens. And another provision of the fundamental law, the devolution of the choice—in a certain contingency, on the House of Representatives—is somewhat unmeaning, unless the dominant idea is seized. At first sight, it is difficult to understand why the Lower House of the Congress should be thus honoured. Why not the entire Congress—i.e., the Senate and Representatives together? When, however, one comprehends that the object of the Constitution was to give the election to an independent body chosen by the people, it becomes easy to understand the substitution, in a particular event, of the House of Representatives for the Electoral College. The Lower House of Congress, though not chosen in exactly the same way as the College of Electors, is the one political assembly which has the closest affinity to it, both in respect of its composition and of the principles on which it is elected. Hence, the Electoral College failing to come to a conclusive result, it was natural enough that the duty should be transferred to another political body which might be assumed to be composed of persons having the confidence of the people.

Of one event in the Presidential contest there seems to be no reasonable doubt. Mr. LINCOLN, the Republican candidate, will command more votes than anybody else. But it is more than questionable whether he can carry a sufficient number of States to seat him in the Presidential chair. In order to succeed he must secure the whole of the North, and his adversaries, bitterly as they are divided against each other, have here and there formed local combinations, which, by preventing the unanimity he absolutely requires, may render his election by the College impossible. As to the House of Representatives, nobody in America pretends to say on whom its choice would fall. There are, it will be remembered, no less than four candidates before the country. Mr. LINCOLN represents the anti-Slavery Republicans, and Mr. BELL the ultra-Conservatives, who are simply bent on keeping things quiet; and then there are the rival Democratic leaders—Mr. BRECKENRIDGE, who heads the Southern, and Mr. DOUGLASS, who commands the Northern wing of the great Democratic confederacy which has just broken to pieces. If the contest could be reduced to its simplest form, Mr. LINCOLN would be named by the entire North, and Mr. BRECKENRIDGE by the entire South; but such a result is rendered unlikely by a sort of tacit coalition which is said to have been effected between Mr. DOUGLASS and Mr. BELL. In the South, where Mr. DOUGLASS has not a chance, the DOUGLASS electors are instructed to vote for Mr. BELL, who has a considerable following in the Slave States. Conversely, in the Northern States—where Mr. BELL, who, though a man of moderate opinions, is a slave proprietor, cannot hope to be a popular favourite—a respectable ultra-Conservative minority is expected to vote for Mr. DOUGLASS, who, with this assistance, may be strong enough in one or two States to defeat Mr. LINCOLN. The object of this cross-play is, of course, to prevent an election by the people and to have the choice transferred to the Representatives, among whom everybody may be said to have a chance.

The most striking feature of the contest is the fierceness of the quarrel between the two sections of the Democratic party. It seems to transcend even the bitterness of the dispute which was once waged in England between Protec-

tionist and Peelite. Some of the most thoughtful politicians in the United States are far from lamenting this estrangement, which may have its usefulness if Mr. LINCOLN is elected. Had the Republican candidate been chosen in fair fight with a Democratic nominee, there might have been in the South demonstrations of disloyalty to the Union and acts of disobedience to the Supreme Government which, without being immediately dangerous, might have seriously disquieted the country. But the Southerners seem now to hate the traitor, DOUGLASS, so infinitely worse than LINCOLN, their open foe, that it is probable they would look almost with indifference on the elevation of the Republican to the Presidency. We, on this side of the Atlantic, can recollect the time when Lord JOHN RUSSELL was almost popular with the party which had concentrated its hatred on PEEL.

SYRIA.

FUAD PASHA is satisfying, with Asiatic liberality, the demand of the European nations for justice and vengeance. It is impossible to judge whether his impartiality is equal to his vigour, though it is in some degree assuring to hear that the sufferers include sons, brothers, and parents of the principal persons in Damascus. The most respectable heads of families may, perhaps, not have taken an active part themselves in the massacres, but it is more likely that many of the most guilty have escaped than that innocent victims have fallen. The execution of two hundred criminals at a time in England or France would excite natural horror; but, even if it were possible to extend an equally active sympathy to remote and barbarous strangers, the necessity of a severe example would remove any scruple as to the exercise of retributive justice in Syria. The population will respect and fear an authority which asserts itself by a ready and frequent application of capital punishment. Imprisonment might leave room for hope, exile might in some cases be thought equivalent to promotion; and, in either case, the activity of the SULTAN's Viceroy would be attributed to a desire of cajoling the Christian Powers; but the rope and the bullet are not to be explained away. The sound old doctrine of "blood for blood" has been republished in the most legible type in the streets and squares of the primeval city, and the lesson will not be useless if it only conveys the impression that the murder of Syrian Christians is, in the present state of the world, an unprofitable and dangerous illustration of the doctrines of Islam. It is indispensable that the work of justice should be crowned by the punishment of the chief criminals at Beyrout and Damascus. The villany of KUR-SCHID and AHMED is of a deeper dye than the ferocity of the rabble, and if the Pashas escape, the salutary terror which may have been produced by the executions will be neutralized by suspicions of the insincerity of the Government.

The French General will probably not regret that he has been anticipated in the discharge of the necessary duties of the hangman; but the energy of the Turkish Commissioner will increase the difficulty of finding any legitimate employment for the foreign army. The Ottoman troops under the immediate command of FUAD himself appear to be loyal and trustworthy, and thus far not the smallest resistance has been offered to the Imperial will. The French contingent may easily plunder the Druse villages in the Lebanon, but neither the mountaineers nor the Arabs will give them an opportunity of victory in the field. The march on Damascus, if it is thought expedient, will be accomplished without opposition, and the Christians of the Latin communion will enjoy a temporary triumph over their Greek and Mahometan enemies. If any reliance is to be placed on the Emperor NAPOLEON's assurances, the expedition will only be useful in stimulating the lagging energies of Turkish officials. It is difficult to believe that an object so inadequate to popular expectation in France was originally contemplated by the Government, but it would be useless and invidious to revive dreams of ambition which have probably collapsed. The difficulties of the Syrian question are sufficiently grave, even if all the great Powers of Europe co-operate in good faith for their removal or mitigation. No theory of non-interference can justify the toleration of crimes such as those which have recently disgraced Northern Syria, but it is not easy to deal with a state of society which includes all the possible elements of disorder. From various causes, the country has become the resort of numerous tribes who are divided by deep-rooted political and religious anti-

pathies. The Christians appear to occupy the same moral level with the Mahometans, and the semi-pagan Druses probably constitute the most manly and improvable portion of the population. All the neighbouring sects and races confine their rude systems of ethics to the duties which they owe to their own countrymen and co-religionists; and in the intervals of the great chronic feuds, Arabs are found fighting against Arabs, and Druse Sheikhs, like Highlanders of old, quarrel for the chieftainship of their villages or clans.

The only palliative for an anarchy so thoroughly inherent in the elements of society would be found in a vigorous and impartial despotism, and the government of MEHEMET ALI was probably the best which has existed in Syria for some generations. His feeble successors would have relapsed into the ordinary Eastern routine of administration, nor would they have possessed any facilities for pacifying the country except those which are equally at the disposal of the Porte. Weakness in the rude Governments of the East is indistinguishable in its effects from deliberate wickedness. Any Mahometan ruler of Syria who was diffident of his own strength would probably pursue the Turkish policy of encouraging the feuds by which Druses and Maronites and Arabs weaken each other and themselves. The dishonesty and rapacity of provincial Governors could only be corrected by an improvement in the spirit of the central administration, and there is no reason to suppose that the political fabric of Cairo is habitually sounder than the kindred system of Constantinople. The SULTAN has an interest in preserving the Empire for his descendants, but the Viceroys succeed one another by that worst of hereditary tenures which prefers the eldest collateral to the son of the deceased ruler. Every Pasha avows, with Oriental cynicism, that it is not worth his while to introduce permanent improvement when he has only a life estate in the revenues of his province. MEHEMET ALI, though unscrupulous and savage, so far approached to greatness as to possess the natural instinct of a ruler in favour of law and order; but his system was the indigenous despotism of Asia, which has never been able to maintain itself in vigour for three or four successive generations. As an outlying Mahometan province, Syria seems destined to be misgoverned, and it is easier to point out the consequences in detail than to suggest any practicable alternative. If the country adjoined British India, it would be reduced to dependence and controlled by a military force. If it could be transplanted to the other side of the Atlantic, an anarchy like that of Mexico might ultimately be exchanged for annexation by colonists who would gradually drive out or exterminate the old inhabitants. In its actual position, the district is only accessible by sea, and if it were to submit to Christian supremacy it must become a French or English possession; but England has neither the wish nor the power to take possession of the country, and France has no practical genius for colonization. The extirpation of the old inhabitants would be tedious and scarcely justifiable, and there is little to be gained by enforcing order among them. Notwithstanding the prejudices of Romish missionaries in favour of a church which submits to the authority of the POPE, French administrators would find that the Maronites were as remote as the Mahometans or the Druses from European habits of thought, either in religious or in secular matters. The Christianity of Asia, whether it assumes the Greek or the Latin type, has become altogether subordinate to the low civilization of the people. In Jerusalem itself, the pious votaries of the rival Churches fight in front of the Holy Sepulchre with the candlesticks from the altar; and when the riot becomes serious, Turkish soldiers contemptuously suppress it by belabouring priests and laymen with the butt-ends of their muskets. French generals might preserve external peace by a permanent system of martial law, but they would not fuse the jarring tribes into an organic whole.

The assailants of the Turkish Government prove with unanswerable force that the administration of Syria is imbecile and corrupt; but all arguments are useless when they end in the inference that something must be done. The most obvious "something," consisting in a French conquest of the country, is in the highest degree obnoxious to England and to the German Powers, nor would it be conducive to the interest of France. A feeble and more impracticable measure has been proposed, in the form of a joint European Commission of Government. No contrivance could combine so many disadvantages both to the protecting Powers and to the subjects of the anomalous League. The whole organization, in addition to other drawbacks, would

be at the mercy of a quarrel which it would obviously tend to produce. Already the turbulent chiefs and tribes, like the Spartan or Athenian factions in ancient Greek cities, respectively affect to claim the patronage of England, of France, or of Russia; and their confidence would be more plausible if they could look for the aid of individual members in the composite and delegated Cabinet of Smyrna or Beyrout. The Ambassadors at Constantinople, though their proper functions are not administrative, have seldom found it possible to dwell together in unity. A mixed Commission, charged to protect Greeks, Latins, and Protestants against the Mahometans, and against one another, would inevitably explode at its first or second meeting. If no permanent improvement can be effected, it only remains to operate by influence, by diplomatic pressure, and, on exceptional occasions, by the use of actual force. If the world, and especially the Mahometan world, is far from perfect, the responsibility will scarcely fall upon England.

THE PERILS OF AUSTRIA.

FOR nearly half a century Austria has been engaged in building up a miniature likeness of herself at Naples. In other respects the success of the experiment has not been great, but in one way Austria is gaining now by what she has done. She has given herself a warning. In the ruin of Naples she can read the fate that threatens her. She sees how utterly the cunning of the Jesuits fails in the practical conduct of affairs, and how very slight is the thread with which loyalty binds even the portion of their subjects whom Kings exert themselves to gratify. At Naples, too, is exhibited the fruitlessness of concessions made at the last moment, and the ease with which the most costly military force may melt away before the breath of popular enthusiasm. These things are a parable to Vienna, and every Austrian must ask himself whether it is possible that the issue can be different where the circumstances are so much alike. No political question that is now before the world approaches in importance the question whether Austria can survive the change through which she must pass. If she does not, an element of disturbance will be introduced into the balance of European power which will completely alter all the existing relations of the great nations. England, especially, is deeply interested in the preservation of an Empire that can do her no possible harm, while it keeps France in check on the one side, and Russia on the other. The component members of the Austrian Empire also feel how great a gain its existence is to each of its parts, and this is the one conspicuous difference that separates it from Naples. It is the wish of nine Neapolitans out of ten that the BOURBONS should go away at once and for ever; but none except a few enthusiasts are blind to the inconveniences which the immediate downfall of the HAPSBURG dynasty would entail. Whether this feeling will be sufficiently powerful in favour of the EMPEROR to counteract the bad effects of his granting concessions at the last hour, and of yielding to the threat of revolution, remains to be seen. That hope should still remain is the prerogative of a great Power. A minor Prince cannot repent on his political death-bed—he will be swept away by the revolution to which he yields; but the interests that are involved in the maintenance of a great Power are so numerous, and the mode in which it appeals to the affections and sentiments are so various, that we can never be sure that it will fall until its ruin is actually accomplished.

That concessions must be made is now certain. The EMPEROR has no choice, and he has only to decide how much he will concede. The Empire cannot provide the means of meeting its expenditure under the present system, and it has been exhausted by a war that cost considerably less than the war establishment of England costs in one year of peace. No more can be got out of the country by taxes unless new springs of industry are set to work, and so long as political confidence is not restored, the spirit of enterprise is wholly stagnant. Then there are no men left to work the system of repression. All, or almost all, the statesmen in whom the nation has any confidence are now openly committed to the cause of Reform. It has been only by the most pressing personal entreaties that the EMPEROR has induced General BENEDEK to remain at the head of affairs in Hungary, and a great change in the whole method of government has been virtually promised by the EMPEROR himself. But what is to be the nature of this change? The Committee appointed by the Great Council to report on this momentous point are agreed that the several provinces of the Empire should have municipal

independence, and that Austria should pass into the number of constitutional States. But there is a division of opinion as to the way in which this should be done. The majority think that the old historical Constitutions of the provinces, and especially that of Hungary, should be restored, while the minority think that new Constitutions adapted to the several provinces should be granted by the EMPEROR. There is a great practical difference between the two courses. If the old Constitutions are restored, CÆSAR is brought under the law. There is a recognised standard not emanating from the EMPEROR, by which the legality of the EMPEROR's acts can be decided. But if the EMPEROR gives the Constitution, all flows from him. He can make and unmake; and the law which is his creature can be destroyed by its creator. The EMPEROR has himself recognised and impressed on the memory of his subjects the great difference which separates the two origins of constitutional law. One of the first acts of his reign was to abrogate all the old Constitutions of the Empire, and to replace them by a new and uniform one. In a year or two the reaction was successful; the hour of the Court nobles and of the Jesuits was come; and by a single stroke of his pen the EMPEROR abolished the Constitution he had granted. His subjects have taken this lesson to heart, and the majority of the Committee only speak the indisputable sentiments of the Austrian provinces when they ask for the restoration of their old Constitutions.

A practical experiment has also shown that nothing short of the restoration of the historical Constitutions will do. Last year the EMPEROR issued an edict in favour of the Hungarian Protestants. It was a very fair and liberal measure for a Sovereign who lives among the chief leaders of the Ultramontane party, but it would not work, because the Protestants declined to let it work. They had had a position guaranteed them by the old Constitution, and they would accept nothing but a restoration to this position. The Edict of toleration failed. Its object was to conciliate the Protestants, and it did not conciliate them. So, if political concessions are to be made, they must be such as will effect the object of concessions. It is of no use to make a change at all unless it produces the one consequence that its author must desire. Unless the Constitution which he grants wins back the confidence of his subjects, the EMPEROR gains nothing by conceding it. It may be unfortunate that the provincials will not be satisfied unless they secure a Government so difficult to work practically as a federation of independent States under the sovereignty of Princes long accustomed to be absolute; but unless the provincials are satisfied, they will not develop the resources of the country, and unless the resources of the country are developed, the taxes will not be paid, and Austria will flounder through bankruptcy into utter decay. The historical Constitutions will, therefore, in all probability, be restored within a very few weeks; but it may be possible to interpose a new representative body between the EMPEROR and the independent provinces, so as to give unity to the Empire. It has been the hope of all the well-wishers of Austria that the existing Council of State might form the nucleus of such a body. Fortunately, the Council is allowed on all sides to have done its work well, and the way is thus paved for an increase of its influence.

THE NEIGHBOURS OF FRANCE.

IT is the fortune, or misfortune, of the French Government that its peculiar modes of action have suggested to large numbers of active spirits in Europe that a good thing may be made by doing its dirty work without express commission. Having so thoroughly adopted as its motto *rien n'est certain que l'imprévu*—having let it be seen that there is scarcely anything which may not be expected from it—it tempts the political intriguers of all countries to do their best at guessing its next movement, and, when they think they have guessed it, to do their best in helping it on. The anxiety to have the very profitable credit of being in the EMPEROR's secrets, or (what is perhaps even more profitable) to have an excuse for making a claim on the EMPEROR himself, is curiously visible in a certain class of French newspapers. The other day, the *Patrie* could not announce the probable expulsion of the King of NAPLES from his capital without calling attention to a paragraph in an obscure Lombard journal, which warned its readers that, if the Two Sicilies were annexed to Piedmont, the Emperor of the FRENCH would be sure to demand the cession of the seaboard of Genoa and of the island of Sardinia. Just in the same spirit, the corres-

ponding number of the *Constitutionnel*, in publishing the same news from Naples, significantly remarked that *all* the grandees of the House of BOURBON were destined to descend from their thrones. It is not necessary to suppose that these journalists had really received any hint that the French Government intended to appropriate a further portion of Italy, or that it had designs on Spain; but, at the same time, it is instructive to remark what sort of conjectures are made by those devoted servants of NAPOLEON the Third who have studied his policy with the keenest attention and have the strongest interest in appearing to have divined it correctly.

It is, we conceive, the same earnest desire on the part of certain unscrupulous adventurers to be beforehand with an ambitious Government which explains the uneasiness of several Continental countries on the subject of French political agents. There is scarcely a single country bordering on France in which the English traveller does not hear that delegates of the EMPEROR are mixing themselves with the population, and preaching union with France as a panacea for all agricultural distresses, short crops, rainy summers, the oïdium, and the taxes. The very general belief that such intrigues were going on had much to do in provoking the recent national demonstrations in Belgium. In the Rhine country, everybody is persuaded that French agents are hard at work, and in Spain the rumours of their activity in the provinces adjoining the French frontier have so disquieted the Court that the QUEEN, abandoning a while her habitual indolence, is forcing herself to make a progress among her subjects, which, from its entire novelty in Spain, may perhaps create some enthusiasm in favour of the reigning dynasty. It will not do either to laugh at these suspicions as entirely groundless, or, on the other hand, to suppose that everybody who preaches the blessings of annexation to France is paid out of the Secret Service money of the French Government. The probability is, that most of these so-called agents are persons who are investing capital in a speculation. A claim on the gratitude of the EMPEROR may be made remunerative in a hundred ways, and the rewards which have just been lavished on the Savoyards who had the wit to be first in foreseeing the fate of their country are quite enough to dazzle the eyes of any Belgian, German, Spaniard, or Italian who may happen to consider a good place much more important than a fatherland. There are a few families in each of the countries included in the first French Empire who retain the memory or the tradition of a former official connexion with France, and these are the natural partisans of the BONAPARTES; but the majority of the agitators who are causing such alarm are probably only long-sighted place-hunters. The fact, however, that they do bestir themselves more than excuses the comparatively mild distrust which prevails in England. Some valuable lessons would be learned by the Englishmen who are almost furiously angry with their countrymen for not taking the EMPEROR and M. DE PERSIGNY exactly at their word, if they were to pass a few months in any one of the countries abutting on France. Spain, for example, would be an admirable school for them. None of the neighbours of France seems safer from attack. The attempt to subjugate her ruined the first French Empire, and the population is one which it would be absolutely impossible to assimilate to the French. Yet not only are the more thinking classes of Spaniards extremely uneasy on the subject of France, but (what is a hundred times more significant) there are actually persons in Spain who are even now keeping their houses swept and garnished against the entry of the French armies.

It is not very safe to hazard any conjecture respecting the policy of the French Government, but it may be reasonably supposed that, if it has any fixed intentions with reference to countries lying outside the "natural boundaries" of France, its wish is rather to keep them weak and divided than to appropriate their territory. That France cannot bear to have strong neighbours has been declared over and over again. This principle was expressly laid down as the justification of the acquisition of Savoy. M. DE PERSIGNY applied it the other day in the clearest language to Germany, and it no doubt inspires the repeated attempts to prevent, by menace or by cajolery, the arming of our own country. With reference to Spain, it is more likely that France will look with an unfriendly eye on the great advances in material prosperity which may confidently be expected from her, than that the Basque provinces will be torn away from her sovereignty. It may, indeed, be Spain which is after all

destined to redress the balance of the Continent. After serving for centuries as the humble servant and whipping-boy of France, she was thoroughly broken of her habit of servility by the insane ambition of the first NAPOLEON, and, if she does ever reassume the great place she once filled in the circle of European States, her efforts will probably be given to disappointing rather than to aiding the cupidity of her restless neighbour. While she is making sure and rapid advances to a position of great importance in Europe, it is important that she should not be driven to seek the diplomatic protection of France by inconsiderate language in England. The disrespectful tone in which Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord PALMERSTON are too apt to speak of her is quite unwarrantable, and leads one to doubt whether English Ministers are in the least awake to the opportunities for forming new and strong alliances which Europe is supplying on all hands. There are few communities whose friendship could be obtained at so little expense as that of Spain. We have to make serious sacrifices in order to come to a cordial understanding with Italy or Germany. Italy can only be drawn to us by a policy which has undoubtedly the disadvantage of unsettling Europe to the profit of France. Germany can only be conciliated by shutting our eyes to the false position and unsound constitution of the Austrian Monarchy. But Spain may be won by a few fair words. She wants nothing of us, and we have every interest in her pressing with the utmost rapidity towards the objects on which she has now fixed a steady gaze. It is time that there should be an end to a way of alluding to her in Parliament and addressing her in despatches which evidently dates from the epoch of Lord PALMERSTON's disappointment at the marriages of the QUEEN and her sister. With a little cordiality, we may make her a firm friend, and even perform the miracle of turning her into a solvent debtor.

NAPLES.

THE brilliant and uninterrupted career of GARIBALDI has naturally produced a general confidence in his final success. The provincial insurrections in various parts of the Kingdom, the demoralization of the Neapolitan army, and the helpless confusion of the Royal councils, seem to render his progress comparatively easy. It has been asserted that he has announced his arrival in the capital for this very day; but it is hardly probable that such a leader should leave his troops to themselves while the enemy's strength is yet unbroken. In an enterprise such as the conquest of Naples, a prudent and experienced chief will hold that nothing is done while anything remains to do. If the falling Monarch has a particle of courage and a capable adviser, he may still prolong the struggle with a reasonable hope of checking his adversary. By retreating on Capua, as it is stated to be doing, the Royal army may open communications with LAMORICIERE; and GARIBALDI is still scarcely a match for 70,000 or 80,000 regular troops under a skilful and famous general. A battle in advance of the capital could scarcely fail to give a triumph to the invader, while a campaign in the North would leave many openings to fortune, with the ulterior prospect of engaging Austria in the quarrel if Sardinia entered openly into the contest. The Neapolitan despotism has so often fallen down like a house of cards that a tenacious resistance to the national movement can perhaps scarcely be expected; but FRANCIS II. has already tried, without success, the promises which saved his father and his great-grandfather from deposition, and perhaps even a Spanish BOURBON may fight for his throne when there is no other prospect of saving it. By merely carrying on the war for a few months longer, the KING would secure to himself a feeling of respect which has seldom been entertained for any member of his family. His foreign regiments, at least, will fight for their flag, and, in conjunction with the Papal mercenaries, they might perhaps retrieve the slur which cowardice and disaffection have cast on the Neapolitan arms. The reported decision of GARIBALDI to advance at once to the capital may probably be attributed—if such was really his intention—to his fear of that retreat behind the walls of Capua which, it is said, has been actually determined upon.

The Count of SYRACUSE, who ought to be well-informed, has given convincing proof of his own belief that the ship is sinking. His brother, the Count of AQUILA, is said to have engaged in a reactionary plot, which may probably have been one of the least blameable acts of his life. An ARTOIS or a CONDÉ is better than a Jacobin Duke of Or-

LEANS; and PHILIP EGALITÉ himself was but a distant kinsman of LOUIS XIV. The letter in which the KING was advised to abdicate could only have proceeded from a BOURBON Prince of the Spanish or Neapolitan branch; but the practical information which it conveys is more important than its hypocritical verbiage. A Prince of the Blood must have believed the head of his house to be in a desperate condition when he exhorted him to make room for GARIBALDI, and to acquiesce in the results of universal suffrage. There was perhaps some ingenuity in assuming, many years ago, the position of a Neapolitan LOUIS PHILIPPE, but the Count of SYRACUSE fully understands that Italy is not in arms for the purpose of substituting one BOURBON for another. Count CAVOUR may find it, under present circumstances, expedient to receive the fugitive with courtesy, but the political importance of the liberalized Prince is confined to the testimony which he has borne to the hopelessness of the Royal cause. The sham Constitution and the baseless Ministry of MARTINO have happily disappeared; and, unless the KING should unexpectedly prove himself a man, the revolution is accomplished. The French Pretender has seized the opportunity of advertising his own existence, but there is no proof that a single Muratist is to be found in Naples. It will be well if Italy takes warning from the correspondence in the *Moniteur*, of the uses to which the wretched device of universal suffrage may hereafter be applied. GARIBALDI himself, with all his simple faith in popular nostrums, would be revolted by the scandal of an emancipated mob outvoting the sole author of its freedom. The title which springs from the ballot-box, while it represents the disfranchisement of patriotism and intelligence, will itself be always at the mercy of any casual majority.

The rumour of immediate interference on the part of Piedmont, though it has proved to be premature, indicates a general conviction that the step cannot safely be delayed. After the occupation of Sicily, GARIBALDI was clearly justified in his determination to retain in his own hands the power of invading the mainland. The immediate annexation of the island would have reduced the Dictator once more to the condition of a mere adventurer, and the whole influence of Continental diplomacy would, with the countenance of England itself, have been employed to support the absurd experiment of a Neapolitan Constitution. It is not impossible that similar motives, combined with pardonable self-esteem, may incline GARIBALDI, even after the reduction of Naples, to retain the anomalous power which he has so wonderfully attained. If he were a selfish, or even an ordinary chief, he might defeat the hopes of Italian unity which are principally due to his own exploits; but it is impossible to doubt his disinterested loyalty to his country, nor is his personal devotion to VICTOR EMMANUEL a mere form or affectation. There is every ground for hoping that he will yield to reason; and the arguments which Count CAVOUR may urge in favour of immediate annexation ought to have irresistible force. MAZZINI and his followers are already suggesting another solution, which would divide regenerated Italy into two hostile camps; and as long as the actual Government is avowedly provisional, the Republicans will have a pretext for urging their own theories. The only plausible objection to a fusion with Piedmont must be derived from the facility which the Dictator would enjoy in pursuing his designs against the Roman provinces; but in Central Italy, whatever may be the origin of a war, it is impossible for the King of SARDINIA to remain neutral. A victory won by LAMORICIERE over GARIBALDI would be recognised throughout the North of the Peninsula as a national defeat. The possession of the Romagna would be endangered, desertions from the army would commence, and the Government would eventually be dragged into the contest, without any control over the policy of the war. As an independent chief, or as a Sardinian General, GARIBALDI will assuredly be foremost in the struggle, nor will his glory be tarnished if the completion of his great purpose is due to his self-denial as well as to his prudent daring.

The position of the Piedmontese Government is too embarrassing and questionable to last. Count CAVOUR's policy may be understood and appreciated in Italy, as, on the whole, farsighted and patriotic, but it cannot be denied that his ambiguities of language and his infringements of international law have created some scandal and much clamour in Europe. It would not be impossible to frame an apology for his conduct when he tolerated the despatch of reinforcements to GARIBALDI, and, at

the same time, maintained a formal peace with Naples. His character as an Italian statesman may cover his seeming obliquities in his capacity of a Piedmontese Minister, for it is impossible, under present circumstances, to treat the separated portions of the nation as distinct political entities. Yet there is considerable danger in a policy which coincides neither with public law nor with the enthusiasm of national feeling. The representative of a great political revolution ought to occupy an intelligible position, and not only to do his duty, but to be seen to do it. There is nothing contrary to law or justice in the acceptance of sovereignty over a population which has deposed its former dynasty. The ruler of Parma and of Tuscany may, with equal right, include Sicily and Naples in his Italian Kingdom; and if a further struggle with Austria is inevitable, it will be most fitly carried on under a recognised flag in the name of an organized and united nation.

VOLUNTEER PROGRESS.

THE spirit of the Volunteer movement shows none of those signs of abatement which some, even among its best friends, at one time feared. The strength of the force is daily increasing; local reviews in this or that county constantly testify to the interest which is felt in acquiring the dexterity of trained soldiers; and scarcely a day passes without a shooting-match to prove that some at least among the Volunteers can handle their rifles with as good effect as the regiments of the line. A still more satisfactory symptom is the eagerness with which candidates press for admission to the musketry-school at Hythe. The privilege of two or three weeks' hard work in their adopted profession is welcomed as the greatest boon which can be conferred; and as each class is dispersed, fresh centres of instruction are formed throughout the country, where all may learn to use with deadly effect the splendid arm which has been placed in their hands. The Knowsley review and the great Scotch meeting at Montrose are types of the two forms which Volunteer energy is assuming in every district. Such gatherings as Lord DERBY brought together from a single county represent an amount of effort and determination which proves the vitality of the whole movement. The attractions of a mere gala day at Knowsley, and the munificent hospitality of its owner, would scarcely have sufficed, without some stronger motive, to bring together such a force as was reviewed by Sir G. WETHERALL. Sacrifices of convenience, of time, and of comfort, very considerable in the aggregate, must have been necessary on the part both of the Volunteers and the employers of many among them to enable busy Lancashire to give up a day's work of 11,000 men in order to swell the ranks of her contingent to the national army. As if to test the universality of the movement, one man alone had raised his voice against a spectacle which involved so serious a loss of time; but, in spite of Mr. ROBERTSON GLADSTONE, the men of Lancashire backed Lord DERBY's project with hearty goodwill, and owned for once that there might be something higher and more essential than the unceasing movement of the spindle and the loom. Other counties may, with less difficulty, emulate the example that has been so well set in organizing district meetings to sustain the emulation which is fast bringing the whole force up to a standard of proficiency which a year ago would have been thought unattainable.

In real importance, competitions like that which brought out the skill displayed at Montrose are perhaps even more valuable than reviews which serve to test the solidity and training of our Volunteer army. No one now depreciates drill, or desires to see the Volunteers reduced to partisan bands, with no other quality to render them formidable than the certainty of their aim. When a number of men are taught to act in concert, two and two make much more than four, and it is only by unremitting attention to drill that men can become capable of combined movements. But there is this essential difference between the two departments of a rifleman's duty—that the drill may be taught to masses, while the art of shooting can only be picked up by long-continued individual training. A mob of 150,000 good shots, without the smallest knowledge of military evolutions, might be converted into a formidable army by a certain number of weeks or months of training, in the prospect of some threatened emergency; but to make a vast force of this kind expert with the rifle must be a work of years. The Hythe School, which is the focus of all the rifle training of the country, can only turn out a few hundreds

of instructed Volunteers in the course of a twelvemonth. Years have passed since the system was first applied to the regular troops, and though much has been done, it is after all but a slight leaven of the whole mass which has yet been infused into the army. There is not a battalion which the Hythe Staff would allow to be perfect according to their standard—not one, that is, which might not be raised to far higher proficiency if it were possible to devote more time to their education in the art of hitting a mark, which is the special business of a soldier, and of a rifleman above all. Local competitions, which stimulate the ambition of individual riflemen, afford an invaluable means of promoting the training which, in due time, will render our Volunteer forces more formidable than any body of men who ever appeared in the field since the days when English archers were found more than a match for the chivalry of France. Their opportunities for rifle practice, though more scanty than they ought to be and might have been, are far greater than any regular troops enjoy; and it is to such meetings as that of Montrose, held in every county of the island, that we must look for the means of stimulating the efforts which are still needed to make every Volunteer a rifleman in something more than name.

Wimbledon and Montrose, and many other competitions, have shown that the crack shots picked from the different corps are worthy of handling the marvellous weapons which modern science has produced; but there is some little danger lest the mass of the Volunteers should be content to let the credit and the usefulness of the whole force rest upon the achievements of a few extraordinary shots. There were three or four hundred competitors at Wimbledon, and sixty or seventy candidates are said to have presented themselves to shoot for Scotland's Cup, at Montrose; but if the efficiency of the Volunteers as a body is to be tested and developed, it is not enough that our matches should bring out the skill of a fraction per cent. of the entire number. There is a certain—and that a very considerable—amount of accuracy in shooting which may be acquired by almost any one; and for the purposes of actual warfare it is far more essential that every man of a company should be able to hit a hostile battalion, than that two or three should have the power of striking a particular button on a Frenchman's coat, while all the rest sent harmless bullets into the earth or the air. A slight modification of the customary arrangements at rifle meetings would do much to further this primary object. Prizes to be won, not by individual marksmen, but by the average performances of entire sections or companies, would excite as keen an interest as the medal which rewards the champion of England. A member of an eleven thinks more of the victory of his club than of the particular score by which he has contributed to gain it; and there is no reason why the ambition of belonging to the best shooting company in England should not be an equally inspiring motive. Thousands who feel themselves excluded from competing with the most skilful marksmen in England would find in such contests a fresh inducement to raise their own powers to the utmost of which they are capable; and the indispensable labour of instruction would be performed by the officers of corps with vastly increased zeal if they knew that the skill of the entire body would bring them as much reputation as the most extraordinary performances to which they might be able to train themselves.

Almost all the minor prize meetings have been modelled, more or less, on the pattern of Wimbledon; and, indeed, the chief value of the Central Association is to be sought in the progeny of local gatherings to which it has given birth. It would scarcely have been prudent, on a first trial, to attempt to gauge the skill of large bodies of men who had scarcely commenced their course of training, but there is no reason why the arrangements for future years should not include the competition of detachments from different corps as well as that of individual marksmen. An intimation that some such course would be taken would do more to encourage the training and practice of the entire body, and to increase their value in actual warfare, than all the medals and cups which are gathered by a handful of extraordinary performers. It would not be long before local contests between neighbouring corps, and between different companies of the same battalion, would take the place of mere shooting matches; and the result would be an army whose destructive power would exceed anything which has yet been seen as much as the Enfield rifle surpasses old Brown Bess.

EXCITEMENT.

HARDLY any feature of modern society is more conspicuous than the growing appetite for excitement, and the increasing ingenuity with which the means of gratifying it are supplied. Of course, many of the modes in which excitement is sought are pursued in every age, and we are only like our forefathers. There will always be a certain amount of persons with restless spirit, great physical energy, and a thirst either for personal gain or for the success of some cause or party, and they will find a vent for their energy in some way more or less innocent. An Englishman who joins Garibaldi may probably be in a great measure attracted by the pleasure of uniting himself to a band of men doing real fighting in a very real sort of way; and so he follows willingly where hero-worship and love of liberty beckon him. This is the spirit of the Crusaders over again, and the passion for joining Garibaldi no more shows a peculiar love of excitement in this age than joining Godfrey de Bouillon showed a peculiar love of excitement in the ages of the Crusaders. Much, again, of the excitement we see going on is merely due to the fluctuations in the corruption of large cities. The demoralization of Paris, for example, is said to be on the increase, but we are not aware whether the assertion is based on satisfactory evidence. For vice has its ebbs and tides, and it often is only coming back to a rock it has left for a time when it seems to be eating away a new part of the shore. At any rate, it is not easy to believe that the Paris of Louis Napoleon is worse than the Paris of the Regent and Dubois, and if the excitement of utter depravity takes new forms, it can scarcely go to unexampled lengths. It is now many thousand years since men attained as high a point of wickedness as human nature will permit. The excitement that is really characteristic of this age is the excitement of quiet, respectable, orderly people. The life of the decently good has more pepper in it than it used to have. The author of *Adam Bede* has drawn a picture of the leisurely life that fifty years ago prevailed in remote country parts. Such a life would seem absolutely without any interest now that we have grown accustomed to have our minds acted on by novelty and the desire for a succession of noticeable events. A dull day, a stupid evening, a tea-party, the ordinary sermon of the ordinary curate, early sleeping, dingy streets, dirty lanes, are accepted as so many injuries inflicted on us by an unkindly fate or an inconsiderate society; and yet, fifty years ago, the great bulk of educated people took all these things as matters of course. They did not quarrel with them more than with the coach that went eight miles in the hour, or the paper that had news a week old. Now, every dull thing must put on a comic face if possible, and every hour and day must have its amusement and interest. Baptists are not happy unless they meet in companies of fifteen thousand to hear a favourite preacher sell for a thousand pounds the funny, witty, and profound observation that the Roman Catholics in Catholic countries adopt the usages of the Catholic religion. Every servant has a shilling novel under her pillow, and every clerk who gets a holiday takes himself off to Norway or Brittany. Ladies, more or less young, go in couples to India, or attract the most delightful attention in Sicilian churches. Those to whom no ridicule can attach feel the same yearning for excitement, and long for something to happen to them. They want an adventure in a quiet village, a tour after their work, a succession of books very new and partly true. Not to be stupid or dull is the chief aim of every one.

In a feeling so generally entertained and so openly avowed there is sure to be something good. Such feelings are, indeed, without exception, the signs of a great movement of society, which impels men, without their knowledge, to a new way of thinking and living. The passion for excitement is one of the first fruits of growing intellectual activity. Men work more and think more, and this makes them dissatisfied with stupidity. Mere repose seems insufficient relaxation. There must be some expenditure of energy in a different direction, in order to restore the balance of a mind that has been made restless by having to exert its powers until they are strained. The accumulation of superficial interests and the attainment of superficial knowledge are the most prominent features of modern society. This is the inevitable result of what is termed the schoolmaster being abroad. Education has passed from the few to the many, and it has accommodated itself to the change. It has become shallow, because it has become varied, and its variety has to be embraced by feeble minds. If any one likes to complain of this, and holds up to our admiration the days when learning was in the hands of a few scholars, he is perfectly at liberty to do so. Education was a much higher thing when its area was more limited; but the extension of its area was a simple necessity. Learning gave life to society, and a living society sought to extend learning. The going abroad of the schoolmaster is inevitable; and when he goes abroad he inevitably takes with him the wish for learning, varied and superficial, and the appetite for excitement which is thus fostered and maintained. If we want consolation for that which must be, we may find consolation for the spread of superficial learning in the growth of toleration. This is the one great acquisition of the present day, and it is being attained by the diffusion of superficial knowledge. Prejudices have been shaken by people finding a little truth in a hundred different things. It might perhaps have been

expected that toleration would have been caught from the example of the really educated who pause from assertion before the difficulties of thought and of facts. But this is not so. Scepticism demands a temper that will always be alien to the feelings of the mass of mankind. They are unable to distinguish between scepticism and unbelief. But, by having a variety of superficial learning presented to them, they get puzzled, and float vaguely from one head of thought to another; and the wish for excitement impels them to keep on floating. They thus drift away from their hereditary hatreds and sympathies, and get reconciled in a dim way to the thought that other people are floating as vaguely as themselves in directions slightly different. There is nothing very ennobling in this, and no one can consider toleration as the highest flight of the human mind. But it is a gain so far as it goes, and we must not quarrel with the manner in which it is attained.

While, however, we do not wish to blame the passion for excitement, we think that any one who reflects seriously may see that dullness, stupidity, and repose have great advantages, and that an utter absence of excitement is sometimes a very good thing. All great minds must have time to work in, and the greatest works that man has produced have been the results of much solitude and seclusion. An ordinary mind will not produce great works or feel great thoughts by resting from excitement; but it will place itself in harmony, so far as its capabilities go, with the tone of greater minds. Reflection is impossible unless the mind can face the prospect of stupidity. Few persons can reflect all at once. They have to bring themselves, as it were, within the limits of reflection; and to do this they must cease to look for a stimulant in the forced occurrence of interesting events or the reception of interesting impressions. There is, again, scarcely any way in which moral strength can be so decisively tested and so speedily increased as by facing dullness. In themselves, moral conquests are of very little use. It shows strength of resolution not to do the merest trifle if we resolve not to do it. Not to eat meat, or not to eat an egg, or to choose a dish we do not like, requires some moral resolution; and this is the kind of resolution which it is the aim of asceticism to produce. But then the resolution in such things ends with itself. When we have not eaten the egg, we have gained nothing except not eating it. And all asceticism, amidst its considerable advantages, has the immense drawback of fixing the mind on trifles. Not so the moral conquest involved in facing dullness. The refusal to be excited carries us far beyond the barren triumph of the will. Repose has its own intrinsic gain. It calms the mind and allows it to turn back upon itself, and gives that interest in the highest problems of human life which fades away when the mind is constantly occupied.

What is dull and stupid to one person will not be so to another, and therefore it is hard to choose an example which will be generally admitted. But probably there are a large number of persons who would agree that about the dullest thing going is to take a slow promenade through the familiar streets of a little watering-place, with the prospect of returning to seaside lodgings. Let us suppose that to any particular person this is the acme of stupidity, worse than sermons, or musical tea-parties, or puns. If he likes to think so, the very stupidity may be a gain to him. It will, as we have said, nurse his powers of reflection, and it will also increase his sympathies with other men, and quicken his understanding of human life. It must always be remembered that the mass of human beings are stupid, and lead very dull lives. To go up and down the streets of a watering-place is up to the average of human felicity, and demands an exertion of the mind quite up to the average of the human intellect. We want excitement, because we long to escape from the average lot of man, and to separate ourselves from our fellows. But we have had too much excitement when we really cut ourselves off in fancy from other men, and the best way is to return voluntarily to dullness. We are then at home again with man as he is made to be on this earth. Regent-street is not the type of human existence—it is not even the type of London existence. One of those very quiet, brown, and ugly streets that lead out of Fitzroy-square comes much nearer to the true type. The traveller who is under the influence of a desire for excitement thinks them dingy and painfully uninteresting. And yet families go on there, some respectably, others not altogether respectably. The people there learn to be satisfied with the look of the street—they acquiesce in the dullness that surrounds them. There is no squalor, and no brightness. We do not find our pity awakened, or our benevolence appealed to—it is only that the thought is borne home to us that life there must be very prosaic. And life is prosaic to the millions who labour for the few, and the best picture, or at least a very instructive picture of human life is presented in those places where dingy dullness prevails, and whence poetry and gaiety seem to have fled for ever.

It is also only by resting from excitement, by going literally or metaphorically through dingy streets, that we can really enjoy excitement. For, in most men, the kind of thing that excites us is apt to become more and more of a questionable character. It is very hard, for example, to preserve a relish for poetry after middle life has begun. When we know our own lot, we can no longer indulge in the dreams of hope, and poetry ceases to bear the possibility of a personal application. Familiarity also deadens the interest of passages which once charmed us, and we scarcely pause to revive the recollection of impressions which it seems impossible to renew. Fortunately, however, almost all persons

read good poetry at first much too quickly, and therefore, by taking a far larger time to study it, they can see meanings in it, or suggest applications of it, which escaped them in their younger days. Dullness—that is, the absence of causes of excitement—enables and disposes them to do this. There is plenty of time at a deplorable little seaside village to think what the poet meant, and whether he was right, and whether what he said was worth saying, and whether finding out what he meant is worth the trouble. Thus we get an after-harvest of youthful impressions, and although the second harvest has little of the pleasure of the first, it is much better than having no crop at all, and acquiescing contentedly in the decay of all poetical feeling. Without poetical feeling few of the sources of excitement are exciting. What is architecture, or painting, or scenery—what are all the things for which travellers run over Europe—unless the mind can relish them? It is very hard to maintain any relish for them. We soon pass to secondary sources of emotion. We do not care for painting, but for the history of painting, and the technical value of the picture. We do not care for the architecture, but only for the thought that so much architecture has been seen. We do not care for the scenery, but only for the condition of body which enables us to do a certain amount of walking among mountains. To go beyond these ordinary and trivial feelings we must retain and encourage our sense of all that is poetical and has been expressed by the great teachers of men; and it is not excitement, but the absence of excitement, that enables us to do this.

COURAGE.

THERE are many distinctions in the use of words which are sufficiently accurate for the purposes of ordinary intercourse, but which fade away before a more rigorous examination. The term "moral courage," on which we lately commented, suggests as good an example of this as can be taken. For the purposes of common conversation, the distinction between moral and physical courage seems clear enough. But this clearness soon changes into obscurity if we ask in what the distinction really consists. Courage is one of the commonest words in the language. The quality which it denotes is the object of more general admiration and ambition than any other. It is a virtue which is at once very common, and honourable in the highest degree, and it produces results so broad and striking that every one considers himself, and in some points of view has a right to consider himself, entitled to form an opinion as to its existence and extent. It seems as if it were from personal experience that the distinction is continually drawn between moral and physical courage, to the advantage of the former. The distinction is interesting, not only in relation to the subject to which it refers, but also because it affords a curious, and almost a solitary, specimen of the sort of contributions which mere casual observation can make to the examination of mental qualities. The distinction is usually drawn in some such terms as these. Physical courage is readiness to expose oneself to the chance of physical pain or death, and arises principally from the nature of the bodily constitution. Moral courage is readiness to expose oneself to suffering or inconvenience which does not affect the body. It arises from firmness of moral principle, and is independent of the physical constitution. The courage of a soldier in battle is usually taken as the illustration of the one—the courage of a religious man who incurs ridicule by the profession of his belief is the standing example of the other.

It would not be easy to cite any other instance in which an analytical remark on a moral quality has become a commonplace, and it would be still more difficult to cite any attempt to analyze a moral quality which is more entirely unsatisfactory. The distinction between moral and physical courage is, in fact, a distinction without a difference. It does not describe two separate qualities, but only two manifestations of the same quality, which are not only not inconsistent with, but can be hardly said to be independent of, each other. Nothing is more easy than to put cases which show that there are many forms of courage to which this distinction has no application. If a soldier risks his life in storming a battery, that, it is said, is physical courage. If a man risks infamy for the sake of friendship or religious principle, that is moral courage. Suppose a man risks his life—as in the case of persecution—for religious principle, is that moral or physical courage? If it is called moral courage, then moral courage may be shown in encountering the risk of physical pain. If it is called physical courage, then physical courage may be independent of the bodily constitution. Most persons would probably accept the first branch of the alternative, and admit that moral courage may be shown in encountering the risk of physical pain; and this is certainly the most plausible view of the case, for no doubt there would seem to be a contrast between the state of mind of the martyr and of the soldier which does not appear in comparing the martyr in person with the martyr in prospects and reputation. If, however, it is admitted that moral courage may be shown in encountering physical risk, what is the distinction between that form of moral courage and physical courage?

The soldier storming the breach is the standard example of physical courage. Its specific characteristic must, therefore, be always present in such an act. The last case referred to shows that the presence of the risk of bodily pain is not that characteristic, for that is present in the action of the martyr. It must, therefore, be looked for elsewhere. It may be said to lie in the

intense tumultuous excitement which bodily conflict or the immediate prospect of it produces in many minds. The courage of a soldier on such occasions is often compared to that of a fierce wild beast, which rushes in unreflecting fury on its antagonist. This view, however, is refuted by several observations. In the first place, tumultuous excitement of feeling is by no means confined to scenes of bodily conflict. It frequently exists in what are looked upon as the special theatres of moral courage, such as Parliaments, courts of law, and all assemblies in which the public business of life is transacted. Suppose, for example, a man is party to an action on which his character depends, and suppose, further, that in the course of the trial he becomes vehemently excited and roused by the imputations cast upon him. Suppose, lastly, that he has it in his power, by taking, or directing his counsel to take up, a certain line of conduct—for example, by producing or suppressing certain evidence—to destroy his antagonist's case at the imminent risk of utterly ruining his own character for ever, and that unjustly. Would the adoption of that course be an act of moral or of physical courage? Almost any one would call it moral courage, yet here are present all the elements the presence of which must be relied upon to prove that it is an act of physical courage to storm a breach. There is the same tumultuous excitement, the same fierce animosity, the same fixing of the mind on the destruction of an antagonist to the neglect of all consequences to self, in the one case as in the other; and, it may be added, there is the same brevity in the act. The question is asked and the determination is taken in as short a time, and with as short an opportunity for reflection or hesitation, as is afforded by the rush from the trenches to the wall.

This, however, is not all. It occasionally happens not only that tumultuous excitement is present where bodily risk is absent, but that imminent bodily risk produces no excitement. If a regiment were ordered to storm a breach, and did storm it, the probability is, that every man in the line would approach it with different feelings. In some—though probably their number would be very small—savage and frantic excitement would overpower every other feeling. There would probably be a few who would be in a state of abject terror, and who would advance only under the stings of shame and conscience, or the pressure of discipline. In the others, these and many other feelings would be mixed up in every conceivable variety of proportion. Excitement, fear, a sense of duty, emulation, ambition, possibly even curiosity, would all have their places, and each possibly would in its turn give the prevailing colour to their minds for a longer or shorter interval according to circumstances. Under these circumstances, ought the storming of the breach to be described as an act of physical courage in some, of moral courage in others, and of a mixture of physical and moral courage in almost all the members of the regiment? It would perhaps be necessary so to describe it if a classification so very inconvenient and so unreasonable had to be maintained; but the real conclusion from these instances, is, that the classification itself is baseless, and proceeds upon no principle at all. To say that courage is either moral or physical is like saying that professions are either active or speculative—a remark which is not quite unmeaning, but which would be altogether wide of its mark if it were intended to show what is the special characteristic of professions, and what is the principle on which they ought to be classified.

If any one wished to give a really instructive account of courage, or of any other moral quality, he would have to take the matter up in a manner altogether different. A few hints upon the subject may be given here, but a complete examination of it is impracticable. The most general notion which can be formed of courage is, that it is that mental quality which prompts men to do, or that mental habit which consists in doing, that which, for any reason, they have determined to do, notwithstanding the certainty or the probability that consequences which the person acting dislikes or wishes to avoid will be incurred in doing it. Hence, courage requires three things—a course of conduct determined on, certain or probable consequences of an unwelcome kind, and perseverance in spite of them. Much might be said upon each of these three heads in illustration of the different forms which courage may assume, and by way of comparison of their respective importance, their frequency, and the title which they convey to respect and approbation—each of which considerations is independent of the others, for it may well be that the commonest kind of courage is most important, and that the rarest is the least respectable. But this is an immense subject. It will be sufficient at present to make a single observation upon the second branch of it.

It is essential to courage that the act determined on should be attended by certain or probable consequences of an unwelcome kind. Now there are two senses in which a consequence may be unwelcome. It may be unwelcome to a particular person, or it may be unwelcome to so large a proportion of mankind as to be generally reputed to be unwelcome, without specific proof that it is so in a given case. Thus it might give A exquisite pain to meet B in the street, and he might show the highest courage in running the risk of such a meeting; but it would be necessary to show that this was so. The mere statement of the fact would not prove that any danger at all had been encountered. On the other hand, the bare statement that A had voluntarily risked the loss or mutilation of his limbs would gain for him the reputation of having done a brave thing. And this introduces a curious question—How far is sensibility an element of courage? Some

men mind physical pain much more than others, and there can be no doubt that if ten people had to submit to the same surgical operation, each would have to make a mental effort of a different degree of intensity for the purpose. Suppose that the efforts were expressed by the numbers 1, 2, 3, up to 10, and that all submitted to the ordeal; would No. 10 have shown ten times as much courage as No. 1; or would not the fact that he had ten times as great a dislike to pain be in itself a deduction from his courage? Suppose, again, that the first eight submitted to the operation, and that the two last did not, but that each made an effort to submit equal to 8 (the necessary efforts in their cases being equal to 9 and 10 respectively), would they have shown more courage than No. 7, or not? or would they have shown as much as No. 8, who did submit when they did not? Such questions resolve themselves ultimately into the question, What are the limits of human personality? How far is a man to be identified with his own body, and how far can its defects be said to be his? The common use of language takes no notice of the difficulty. A man with vigorous health, strong nerves, and great indifference to pain is called brave; and no one has a right to say that the word is improperly used. The conclusion seems to be that language, especially in reference to the mental constitution, is thoroughly popular and unscientific; and that, though it furnishes materials for speculation, it can never furnish either moral or scientific conclusions.

PARLIAMENTARY PRINTING.

ON Wednesday, August 15th, in Committee of Supply, three votes—and these three votes in succession—passed the House, and passed it *sub silentio*, although all the accredited bores of a Supply night were present, and apparently exercising their usual vigilance and displaying their usual proclivity to blundering. Mr. Darby Griffith had just been inquiring what was the use of a Government office especially charged with the care of the National Debt. Mr. Williams, on the chance of a pot shot at a Government job, was, as usual, blazing away at every vote before it fairly rose from the official cover. At length three votes passed without a murmur. They were—

- 2,153*l.* for Registrar of Friendly Societies;
- 32,000*l.* for Secret Service Money;
- 335,285*l.* for Stationery, Printing, and Binding for the two Houses of Parliament.

Of course a momentary torpor sealed the eyes of the sleepless dragon of Lambeth when the Secret Service vote passed; or else it was at that nick of time of that fatal night when, as gossips tell, a practical joker on the Treasury benches had abstracted Mr. Williams's memorandum of all the objections he meant to urge to all the coming votes on the paper. As to that monstrous sum of 335,000*l.* odd for printing, it is most likely that very shame sealed the mouth of every member present. There was probably not one who had not contributed, by moving for some useless Committee, with its unreadable Report and ponderous evidence, or by requiring, at the public expense, inexplicable returns and useless statistics, to swell this disgraceful tax on the resources of the country. Very shame and universal complicity must have been the grounds on which the Committee passed the printer's bill without an audit. As to the vote for the Registrar of Friendly Societies, we shall have something to say presently.

Few people seem to remember, that besides the large printing expenses entailed on the nation in the shape of those tons of occasional and more notorious Blue Books, there are regular permanent printing expenses, equally ponderous and equally useless, which make up Mr. Hansard's little account. Of late years it has become the practice to require from many of the Government departments an annual report. More especially, whenever Parliament in its wisdom creates a new department or a new office, by way of justification to itself for the job it commonly requires an annual report from the new officer. Annual reports are, generally, whether Charitable Society Reports, Railway Reports, or even the French Emperor's Report on the Budget, mere moonshine. The chief value of Government Reports is, speaking from experience, as raw material for newspaper articles—very raw material, certainly; yet the facts are often valuable and instructive, and, when detached from the coarse conglomerate of official verbiage, tautology, and bad grammar, they may be presented to the public in a really useful shape. A report of five hundred pages, when reduced to a column and a half of neat newspaper writing, is indeed often not unpleasant reading. But oh! the originals, not only in matter but in manner! Some of the worst official and officious offenders in this line, who have hitherto had Government print and paper at command, have had a check put on their full development of literary power. The School Inspectors, for instance, being a numerous and jealous body, wrote against each other, and there was an annual competition which could write the worst and the most useless report. Consequently, those ingenious gentlemen have been informed that only such parts of their annual reports as are of public interest will be published. The Blue-books from the Privy Council Office are, therefore, reduced to a humble and useful form. Speaking generally, however, when a Government report comes out, we may expect the least quantity of facts with the greatest amount of talk; for it is scarcely in human, certainly not in literary nature to be chary of pen and ink when you can get your fine writing printed at the public expense.

The liberty of the press is a great thing; but Government certainly ought to exercise an effective censorship over its own publications. When Parliament, in creating a new official, required him to present an annual report, was it intended that whatever that report might be—sense or nonsense, fact or libel, a folio volume or a sheet of letter-paper—it should be printed at the public expense? The practice seems to be, that when the annual report of the official is presented to Parliament, it is at once printed as a matter of course. Now, the various annual reports presented to Parliament are to be reckoned by hundreds rather than by tens. Every one of them is printed. Not one in a hundred is ever read by any human being; but every one is printed. Hence, the little bill of 335,000*l.* for Parliamentary printing. Now, the nation is absolutely at the mercy of these annual reporters. Blessed with a literary taste and a fine flux of words, there are no lengths to which these authors, anxious to show off their powers of pen, may not go. Berkeley ascended from Tar Water to an analysis of the Highest Being, and to speculations on the Pure Ideas of Space and Time; and there is no reason why the Registrar-General may not favour us, at the public expense, with his views on ethnology, philology, Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses, as well as that "Essay on Religion in England," prefixed to the last Census Report, which he has already inflicted on the British public. We are thus wholly at the mercy of that vast army of officials whom the law requires to present annual reports. There is no nonsense and no absurdity which they may not write; and whatever nonsense and absurdity they embody in what they call a report, Parliament, it seems, must print it. To be sure, the good sense of most officials has prevented—except in the case of the School Inspectors—any flagrant abuse of this liberty of unlicensed printing; but we think we can produce a case in which an active Censor of the Government press was, and indeed is, much needed.

One of the three votes passed on the occasion to which we have referred was 2000*l.* odd for the expenses of the Registrar of Friendly Societies. The vote was a modest one. Friendly Societies are excellent things, and the Registrar of Friendly Societies, Mr. Tidd Pratt, is a most useful public servant. If anybody ever looks into his annual reports, he will find very valuable information on a particular subject given in a condensed and modest form, exhibiting at the same time the results of much industry and a considerable amount of literary research and statistical information. But the Registrar of Friendly Societies in England has a Scotch colleague; and the parallel officer for Scotland is Mr. A. Carnegie Ritchie, who we find enjoys a stipend of 200*l.* per annum. This is not an extravagant sum; but Mr. Ritchie is resolved to give Government something, and something very superfine, for its money, and as he has to present an annual report, and as the printing is paid for out of the Estimates (the 335,000*l.* which we have spoken of), Mr. Ritchie, the registrar, having literary powers, prances out in grand style in his annual reports. As probably no human being, ourselves and the unfortunate corrector of the Government press excepted, has yet read one line of the annual reports of Mr. Ritchie, we shall perhaps be doing that gentleman a private kindness by extracting the gems of his eloquence from their native marl, as we shall certainly do some public service by showing what sort of stuff is presented to Parliament and printed at the public expense.

We have before us the last three of Mr. Ritchie's reports. That presented in 1858 is a comparatively humble affair. It is only four pages long, and these four pages consist, for the most part, of local facts. Mr. Ritchie had not in 1858 thoroughly realized all his literary capacities; the only passage which struck us as foreboding the Ritchie of 1860 is the following bit of fine writing, which, even then, showed some familiarity with Dr. Guthrie and Mr. Gilfillan:—

The Registrar [Mr. Ritchie himself] is constantly impressed with the conviction that Friendly Societies are a mighty instrumentality for good, which, like the soft dew, unobserved it may be by those who are clamorous for a short-lived notoriety with which, having fretted their little hour on life's stage, they pass away without leaving a moral trace behind, permeates, and percolates, and vivifies, until a moral light and beauty gradually over-spread and enlighten the masses which, erewhile, unshapely and murky, threatened to burst with an energy active only to destroy.

And very pretty writing, too, from a Registrar of Friendly Societies, and remarkable as an instance of the happy skill with which genius and the creative mind can touch the dullest and most unpromising of subjects with the wand of inspiration, and make even the stony waste of statistics glow with the rosy light of poetic fire. We express ourselves in the tongue of Ritchie, for fine writing is contagious. Impunity creates licence; and Mr. Ritchie having in 1858 got this tall talk printed at the public cost, swept his lyre in 1859 with a bolder finger, though we are bound to say that the *purpureus pannus* of 1859 is only a variation of that of 1858. His store of metaphor and simile is still wishy-washy. He is chronicling the formation of Penny Savings-banks:—

The "Penny Savings Banks Friendly Societies" foster and afford the means of exerting these humanizing and elevating feelings from very early life; they release the spirit from that hardening selfishness which the necessary contact with an ever-working world and a grinding sense of powerless poverty are so prone to engender. As the tiny silvery thread of water from its fount in a bleak and barren moor holds on its, at first, infantile and all but unseen course, yet carrying along with it the narrowest imaginable border of fertility, decked with little flowerets, the mountain daisies and heatherbells, and the innumerable starchy posies and pinky heaths mantling its brink, still onward flows, broadening its margin and fertilizing its vicinity, until gladdening meadows rejoice in its river-like stream, and corn-clad fields and happy

hamlets pour out their joyous population, sustained by its flowing and ever-fructifying waters; so the "Penny Savings Bank," by the mites invisible to the supercilious eyes and unimaginable by the proud mind of a financier who, absorbed with the idea of the marvels he hopes to effect by the millions he will pour into the National Treasury by the taxation of a nation's wealthy ones, and imposes on the imports and exports of a nation's mightiest fleets and innumerable argosies, little deems that by the virtue-saved pennies, there are being raised up ten of thousands of Virtue's self-denying sons and daughters, who will ever be a nation's truest wealth, and its most enduring strength.

After this burst of eloquence, Mr. Ritchie sinks down into prose for a whole page, and then proceeds:—

Having had my attention drawn to the very interesting work by Mr. Kenrick on "Roman Sepulchral Inscriptions," which refers to a class of Friendly Societies which existed among the Romans, &c.

Mr. Ritchie then gives a remarkably curious passage from Mr. Kenrick, the well-known writer on classical antiquities, which, as we thought, did great credit to his reading, and, by its appositeness to the subject, stood in remarkable contrast to the rest of his twaddling essay upon nothing at all. Unfortunately, we turned for another purpose to the Reports of Mr. Tidd Pratt, the English Registrar of Friendly Societies, and here, set out in full in Mr. Pratt's Report for 1858 was the whole identical passage from Mr. Kenrick, which, in his Report for 1859, Mr. Ritchie simply cribbs, and appropriates without the slightest reference to Mr. Pratt or the English Report. We find that Mr. Ritchie is a Scotch advocate, and, let us add, an English conveyancer.

But it is in his last Report presented to Parliament, and "ordered to be printed, 19th July, 1860," that we recognise Ritchie in all his strength. He comes out full grown—full-grown poet and full-grown plagiarist. He gives his Pegasus free rein, and he treats the Eighth Commandment with supreme contempt. He prigs from Mr. Tidd Pratt with all the impunity of successful larceny, and he pours out fine writing with all the impudence of Mr. Bellew, or any other public favourite. This is the style in which he improves the occasion. Mr. Ritchie is struck with the excessive death-rate in certain trades:—

Alas, what an appalling fact! what a dreadful, what a terrific thought to a philanthropic and to a religious mind, that in order to minister to the incessantly increasing demands on human industry, the lives of the labourers should be so recklessly sacrificed! Surely the feelings, the sympathies, the most earnest sorrow-relieving energies of the wise and good of both sexes should be stirred to their very depths, to be up and doing, that plans may be devised, of all kinds, for the rescue from the jaws of death of countless numbers of their fellow-men, who equally with themselves are the heirs of an immortality of happiness or of woe.

We have already seen how beautifully, in two previous Reports, Mr. Ritchie touches on the theme that we are not to despise the day of small things. He takes up his parable on this subject again:—

The reporter has recently certified a Society of a very interesting kind, under the 11th section of the Act 18 and 19 Vict., c. 63, and the other sections of the statute referred to in that section. Like Female Societies beginning with very small funds, and Children's Societies commencing with their humble pennies, stirring the sneer of the "worldly wise" at what they contemptuously denominate "the absurdity of such trifling doings," but which, nevertheless, have been blessed as the means of supporting in times of great distress, and yet preserving the independence and shielding the delicate feelings of many deserving females honourably toiling for an honest subsistence, and supplying the means of a most useful education to the children of many respectable parents unable to afford the expense of the education of their children, so this Society, "The Glasgow United Fishers' Society," instituted in 1834, on the simple principle of "Waste not, want not," is destined, as the reporter believes, to illustrate the power of "littles" in a remarkable way.

The Society of the Fishers, by the way, contrived to combine philanthropy and economy, making to themselves friends of the unrighteous Mammon, in a fashion eminently characteristic of the canny Scotch mind, when they established this Benefit Club. They resolved to devote the produce of the sale of certain refuse taken out of their tallow—"1. To establish a friendly society; 2. To establish a school; 3. To watch over the market trade; and 4. For any purpose connected with the interests of the trade." Mr. Ritchie is in ecstasies with the Fishers' Society, and expresses his approval thus:—

It may now fairly be considered a society possessed of a good working fund, calculated to do, and truly having already done, and now continuing to do, a great deal of good, and giving ease, and comfort of mind, and the means of education to many who, without this help—literally the produce of what was called "refuse," or "waste" and considered valueless—would have been at present destitute and miserable, uneducated and uncared for, many of them, it may have been, outcast, and adding to the luckless number of the "Arabs of the Streets." Another, among many lessons, not, as many do, to despise the power of "littles."

What if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields,
I'll tarry in the sky?

What if the tiny beam of light
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its very feeble ray
Cannot create a day?

Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Mr. Ritchie has remarked the baleful results of strikes, and preaches accordingly:—

The bland and humanising influences of Friendly Societies on the minds of their members towards each other, the orderly demeanour and conduct, and

even the more polished and gentler courtesies inculcated and enforced by the laws and rules of the Societies on their members towards each other during their business meetings and in their discussions there, must, and they do by the very force of habit, engender a taste for kind and friendly intercourse with their fellow-men, and they soften and gradually remove those asperities of temper and doubtings of the benevolent feelings of others towards them, which have most frequently and generally been the causes of those heart-burnings and jealousies between the employed and their employers, whence have originated those "Trades Unions" which have so often calamitously endangered the welfare of both.

Apocryphos of nothing in connexion with the immediate subject, which was the annals of the Scotch societies during the past year, the Report concludes with a long and very interesting account of the first Friendly Societies instituted in London, some two centuries ago, extracted from a work, certainly not very common—Dr. Hughson's *London and its Neighbourhood*. The passage commences, "Louis XIV. of France," and ends "them or their descendants." It is a curious coincidence, and one for which Mr. Ritchie can doubtless account, but it is a fact, that this very passage had also met Mr. Tidd Pratt's eye, and that it is to be found in his Annual Report for 1858, page 15. No doubt Mr. Ritchie's original researches in 1859-60 led him also to Dr. Hughson's work; but the literary coincidence is curious, especially as connected with the little circumstance that Mr. Ritchie was, as we have seen, led to study Kenrick in 1859, just one year after Mr. Tidd Pratt had quoted him in print in 1858. After this account of the first English Friendly Societies, Mr. Ritchie goes on to mention the extent to which Friendly Societies have been established on the Continent, and in a very elaborate and careful enumeration he tells us what Mutual Aid Societies have been founded in France, Belgium, Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, and Spain. No doubt, if Mr. Ritchie's Report ever reached Downing-street, he would, from this enumeration alone, have established the character of a very painstaking public officer. The fact is, that every word of this statistical information printed by the Scotch Registrar in 1859 is also stolen bodily from Mr. Tidd Pratt's Report of 1857—that gentleman having, at great trouble, collected all this information from our diplomatic representatives at every Court in Europe. The original documents are preserved in the National Debt Office in London—it is for Mr. Ritchie to say whether he has investigated them. There is in this Report (Mr. Ritchie's, presented in 1860) another very curious passage on the origin of the *Conseils des Prud'hommes*, which we have no hesitation in saying is also stolen.

Now we must say this is a very bad case. It is not much that Mr. Ritchie, the Registrar, is a prodigious charlatan, and the inditer of as arrant trash as we ever read; but it is much that we should have to pay for printing all the nonsense of his own and Dr. Watts which he chooses to write; and it is still worse that we should have to pay for all the good sense which he thinks proper to filch without acknowledgment from Mr. Tidd Pratt, and so to pay twice over for printing the same matter. No doubt we owe a good deal to Mr. Tidd Pratt for the extracts from Kenrick and Dr. Hughson, and for the statistics, so laboriously compiled, of the Continental Friendly Societies. But we strongly object to Mr. Tidd Pratt's strong meat being sent up cold and tasteless in Mr. Ritchie's hash. We strongly object to paying two printers' bills for the very same materials; and if this is a specimen of Reports presented to Parliament, we must say, as we have said before, that annual reporters such as Mr. Ritchie want their literary wings clipping.

THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT IN FRANCE.

BY the declaration of the Constituent Assembly of 1789 the liberty of the subject became a fundamental principle of the French constitution. The encroachments upon the nation's privileges which marked the reign of the First Napoleon were not the less encroachments because France was unable or unwilling to complain of them. When the Empire fell, it fell partly because its military aggressions had rendered it formidable to Europe, and partly because its administrative abuses had rendered it intolerable to France. At the restoration of the Bourbons, the broad doctrine of the inviolability of the person was once more reasserted, and seemed to be guaranteed in its integrity by the nature of the political change that then took place. When the press is free, when representative government is established, and when the chief of the State is responsible to his people for the fidelity with which he respects their rights, there is little probability that permanent advantage can be taken of the defects in the machinery of the law, whatever they may be, for purposes of oppression or injustice. If the laws are bad, they can be altered—if abused, they can be avenged. In times of disorder, when the ordinary system of administration is obviously incompetent to deal with an extraordinary crisis, it has frequently been the practice of free countries to consent to a temporary suspension of their Constitutional privileges. But when order is restored the nation returns to its normal condition of liberty. The Second Empire, founded in the midst of a political earthquake, has lasted long enough to be entitled to profess itself a stable and permanent régime. It has a Constitution and a Code in which all that is new assumes to be but a formal development of old Republican doctrines. By the Constitution of 1852 the liberty of the subject, like religion, morality, and the rights of property (all of which the Second Empire is so admirably qualified to take under its

protection) is placed for ever under the tutelary care of the French Senate. At this moment, indeed, there are two laws which appear to infringe upon the principles enunciated in 1789: The first is the *Décret Organique*, as it is called, promulgated in the spring of 1852, by the sole authority of the then President of the Republic. In virtue of its provisions the French press has ever since been subjected to the immediate control and supervision of the French Executive. Many of the first jurists of France hold that it is, in spirit if not in letter, a flagrant violation of the rights of property, as it empowers the Executive, if need be, to suppress offending journals, and thereby at its own caprice to inflict great pecuniary injury on their proprietors. But the official organs of the Government, and the successive Ministers of the Interior, have consistently denied that the decree involves any such violation, and as no judicial decision has hitherto been pronounced upon the subject, we are compelled to consider its constitutional merits as an open question. The second seeming exception to the theory that the present French Constitution is based upon the principles of the old Republic, is afforded us in the instance of the *Loi de Sécurité Publique*, voted shortly after the conspiracy of January, 1858. This law permits the Executive to banish, to deport, or to confine, without trial, certain persons who have rendered themselves suspect or culpable in manner therein mentioned, or who on previous occasions have been condemned by special tribunals in times of civil disturbance. This law, however, is acknowledged on all sides to be a temporary measure. Its duration is limited to the 31st of March, 1865, and it does not profess to be anything but an exceptional remedy, devised to meet an exceptional evil.

It is not to exceptional measures of the kind that we must look, if we wish to discover the real dangers which menace the liberty of the person under the Imperial régime. We shall find that they all reside in the permanent defects and omissions of the *Code Napoleon* itself. Upon theory, at least, every man in a free country has a legitimate claim to his personal liberty until he is guilty of an offence against society. Society, however, has a corresponding claim upon the individual. It has the right to demand that, in the event of suspicion arising against him, he shall be ready to stand his trial for any misdemeanour or crime that may be laid to his charge. A guarantee is naturally required of him that he shall be forthcoming at the proper moment, and that in the interim he shall do nothing whereby the investigation of his case may be prejudiced or impeded. Where the suspected man is in a position to give an adequate guarantee, society does not seek to detain him in durance. When the crime is so gross, and the penalty which would follow upon conviction is so great, that no pecuniary guarantee can be sufficient, his person becomes the sole guarantee upon which justice can rely. The same is necessarily the case when the accused is, from his position or circumstances, unable to give proper security for his reappearance. By such precautionary measures, society does not violate the liberty of the subject. The detention of the inculpated individual is an expedient adopted *faute de mieux*—in default of other security. His body is not seized for purposes of punishment; it is seized in pledge.

It is of the highest importance that this power entrusted to the ministers of justice should be hedged round in such a manner as to prevent its abuse. The detained person has a right, in the first place, to require that his trial shall take place at the earliest moment possible—in other words, that he shall not be detained an hour longer than is absolutely essential. In the second place, he has a right to demand that he shall not be detained at all unless he is incapacitated by his own poverty, or by the gravity of the offence imputed to him, from giving the necessary security that he will appear to answer the indictment. He has further a right to insist that he shall only be arrested in a legal way, that he shall know for what he is arrested, and that the officers of justice shall be held responsible for his detention. If they exceed their powers, he may fairly ask that they should be amenable to punishment. If his detention turns out to have been unnecessary or unjustifiable, he may reasonably expect redress and compensation. An examination of the French law bearing upon this subject will prove that it is defective as regards these several points. An able article, which appeared in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, contains a summary of its provisions with regard to criminal procedure, so far as they touch on the temporary detention of individuals either suspected or accused. At the present day nothing can be considered uninteresting which tends to show the unlimited powers confided to the Imperial Government and its agents by the established laws of France.

Theoretically, the French code has taken due precautions to protect the liberty of the subject. At first sight it appears to have conferred upon one class of magistrates only—the *juges d'instruction*—the power to order the detention of the accused. It decrees further that within twenty-four hours after his arrest the latter shall undergo a formal examination. He is to be informed at once of the offence with which, and the law under which, he is to be charged. He is permitted, except in the case of a crime—or, as it is defined by French law, *un fait qui pût être puni par la réclusion, les travaux forcés, ou la peine de mort*—to recover his liberty upon bail. But the magistrate, in the plenary exercise of his discretion, may refuse to take bail. In some cases he is forbidden to accept it; he is not compelled to accept it in any. Accordingly, detention in custody up to the appointed time of trial is the rule, to which exceptions are

sufficiently rare. Out of 53,541 cases of arrest, in the year 1852, those in which bail was offered and received amounted to 958. Part of the inconvenience of being suspected now-a-days in France is, that the chances are you lose your liberty until the next assize. By order of the magistrate, the person in custody may be placed in solitary confinement. He may be deprived of the means of communicating either with his family or with his legal adviser. The jailer may refuse to produce him, by producing in his stead the order of the magistrate under which he acts. In this respect, the character of the offence for which he is to be tried makes not the slightest difference. The solitary exception to the above rule is the case of those who are indicted for contravention of the regulations of police. These have the right to retain their liberty up to the day of trial.

There are three different warrants in virtue of which a Frenchman may be summarily arrested—the *mandat d'amener*, the *mandat d'arrêt*, and the *mandat de dépôt*. The former is merely a means of arresting a man temporarily until he can be examined by the magistrate. The second, though sufficient to authorise his detention until trial, requires certain preliminary formalities which on the whole may be said to be some security against any very extravagant injustice. But the third, the *mandat de dépôt*, is little better than a mere *lettre de cachet*. It was originally a method of seizing the person of a dangerous offender, and placed, for purposes of public safety, in the hands of certain State functionaries. It has subsequently been entrusted to all who occupy the position of a *juge d'instruction*. No preliminary formalities are requisite. The accused may be kept in ignorance of the accusation laid against him, and of the law under which it is laid. He may be remanded from session to session at the pleasure of the judicial authorities. There is nothing to secure his ever being brought to trial at all. A man may thus, upon bare suspicion, be subjected to a term of solitary confinement exceeding that which could be inflicted upon him by way of punishment if the charge brought against him were ever substantiated. Such is the effect of this formidable discretionary power with which the judge is armed. We are not likely to learn from French statistics the real number or the real character of the cases in which it is employed. Supposing it to be used but sparingly, thanks are due to the temper of the magistrate, not to the code from which he derives his authority.

Each *juge d'instruction* is appointed for a year by the Executive from among the ordinary judges, who enjoy neither his privileges nor his salary. The *Procureur Impérial* himself is not entitled by the law to issue the formidable *mandat de dépôt*. In no cases, except those of flagrant misdemeanors, can he order an arrest at all. Even then he is confined to the employment of the *mandat d'amener*, which obliges him to transfer the accused without delay to the jurisdiction of a *juge d'instruction*. This milder warrant may furthermore be signed under certain restrictions by justices of the peace, mayors, police commissioners, &c., in virtue of their title of officers of judiciary police. But there are certain functionaries directly dependent upon the central Government, whose political creatures they are, to whom much more unfettered license is allowed. These are the prefects of the various departments, and the prefect of police at Paris. The *Procureur Impérial*, whose authority extends over the ordinary officers of judiciary police, has no control over them. They are responsible only to their political superiors. They can send anybody they please to be tried before the legal tribunals. They can arrest whom they like by a *mandat de dépôt*. They can detain him in custody until they choose to put him on his trial. Under this system, a set of political agents, removable at will by the Government, appointed and paid to represent the Government, ignorant, as often happens, of all law, are absolute masters of the person of every living being throughout the length and breadth of France. The *Procureur Impérial*, who holds a permanent post, the ordinary police authorities who hold permanent posts, are not trusted in this way. The *mandat de dépôt* is a weapon only confined to the care of men, like the prefect or the *juge d'instruction*, whose tenure of office depends upon the good pleasure of the Emperor.

Let us see what redress is provided by the French code for those who are unjustly detained in custody by an arbitrary or illegal act of the French officials. The French law denounces the most awful penalties against certain individuals who arrest or detain their fellow-citizens without proper authority. They are to be condemned to hard labour for an appropriate term, and if necessary for life. Unfortunately, the individuals against whom these tremendous threats are directed are wicked individuals in private life who take other individuals in private life into custody. As it is not a general custom even in France for a private person to sally forth and capture his neighbours right and left, the terrors of the law in question, as may be naturally conceived, are not often put in force. We are more concerned to know what becomes of an official functionary who abuses his powers in a corresponding manner. First of all, he renders himself liable to civic degradation. Secondly, he may be sued for damages by the injured party. But there is an effective plea behind which he may invariably shelter himself. He is permitted to allege in his defence superior orders. For all practical purposes, before a magistrate can be brought to justice, he must be shown to have been guilty of fraud or of corruption. For offences committed against the liberty of the person, a French prefect can only be tried by permission of the Council of State. A Minister who arbitrarily deprives a citizen of his liberty exposes himself, it is true, to a

sentence of banishment. But the senatorial commission, whose business it is to denounce him to the Senate, can only do so after he has treated with contumely three successive summonses. All prosecution is *ipso facto* quashed, if the arrest, however illegal, can be justified upon the ground that it was required by the interests of the State.

Such is a rough sketch of the present condition of the French law, so far as it bears upon the liberty of the subject. If France were free, there would be less reason to apprehend evil consequences from its laxity. But as the French law at present stands, it is a formidable engine in the hands of despotism. In England, the members of the Executive are but the Law's instruments—in France, the Law is the instrument of the Executive. The care, indeed, of the liberties of France is committed to the French Senate. But by an ingenious arrangement, French functionaries, from the highest to the lowest, constitute one great hierarchy, who depend for their livelihood and position on their chiefs. The watch-dogs of French liberties are appointed and fed by their superior officer, the wolf.

THE IRISH SALMON FISHERIES.

THE Committee of Peers, to whose labours on behalf of the salmon of the North we have recently called attention, have had the advantage of a most convenient and apposite precedent. The very evils against which they hope to provide have been successfully dealt with in Ireland, where, until twenty years ago, the fisheries were deteriorating still more rapidly than in Scotland, and where the propriety of the measures adopted is now put beyond a doubt by the steady improvement everywhere observable. Till the year 1842, the Irish fisheries were supposed to be regulated by 26 different Acts of Parliament, many of them conflicting, and all entirely inoperative. Private interests in fishing do not prevail in Ireland to any considerable extent, and, except where they did prevail, the law was allowed to become a dead letter. Some of its provisions, moreover, were so absurd as to make it impossible that they should be enforced. One old Act, for instance, made it necessary for a man to have 40*l.* a-year to qualify him to catch salmon in any way, and another inflicted heavy penalties on anybody who allowed his pigs to wander on the seashore, on the ground that they devoured the salmon fry and spawn. This state of things might have continued but for a series of popular outbreaks which rendered some legislative interference essential. About the year 1820, people began to come from Scotland and to erect, for the first time, stake-weirs in the estuaries and bag-nets upon the coast. The proprietors of rivers, and a large class of fishermen who made a living by exercising their common law rights in public waters, soon began to feel the effects of the change. In the Waterford estuary, there were about 2000 persons employed in "cott-net" fishing, and the Scotch stake-nets almost annihilated the salmon, and threw these men out of employment. Irish impetuosity was not long in discovering the appropriate remedy. The Waterford men attacked the "Scotchies," and broke down the obnoxious machines. Several lives were lost in the fray, and similar risings occurred on the Shannon, in Donegal, and about Ballyshannon. The law pronounced the weirs illegal, but Scotch cupidity was not yet vanquished. Fresh weirs were erected from time to time in the place of the old ones, criminal convictions were evaded by paupers being the nominal proprietors, and the greatest confusion prevailed till 1842, when the 5 & 6 Vic. put the matter upon a sound and intelligible footing. Stake-nets and weirs were then legalized under certain restrictions and limitations, the chief of which were, that no weir should be erected except where the channel at low water of spring tides was over three-quarters of a mile wide—that no stake-weir should be erected beyond low-water mark—and that no weir should be erected within a mile inland from the mouth of a river, nor within a mile to seaward, unless the river was more than half a mile wide. As to public waters, proprietors of adjoining land, having a lease of a hundred years unexpired, were permitted, when the width of the water was over three-quarters of a mile, to set up stake or bag-nets, but the stake-net is allowed to extend only from high to low water mark. Various regulations were made for securing a weekly open time for the fish to pass up. In the case of stake-nets, four feet must be left open from Saturday to Monday, and the leaders of the bag-nets have to be removed, unless under stress of weather, for the same period. The commissioners were empowered, under the Act, to fix the close time for each river; and the earliest day of opening is now the 1st of January, and the earliest day for closing the 12th of August. Some few streams have been allowed not to close till September, but the general opinion is in favour of the earlier time. The fishermen of the Lee, in which it was imagined that there were always salmon, got themselves specially exempted from a close time, but soon found out their mistake; and on the Shannon, in accordance with the unanimous request of the parties interested, the close time has been made to begin a fortnight earlier. During this period all fixed engines of every description have to be removed, and draught nets must not be found even in the river's vicinity.

Another very useful effect of the Act was to necessitate the observance of the free gap, or Queen's share, in the case of weirs. This consists of a tenth portion of the stream in its deepest part. Mr. Ffennel, one of the Irish Fishery Commissioners, in giving evidence before the Committee, dwelt emphatically upon its im-

portance, and expresses his extreme regret that the Legislature was induced to exempt some particular cases from the necessity of compliance with its requirements on the subject. But a still more effectual remedy has been frequently applied, both to weirs which escape the statute and to mill-dams in which no Queen's share could be left without ruining the mill. In either instance a contrivance called a ladder is carried over the offending obstacle, and an artificial passage for the fish provided without any interference with the current of the stream. Sometimes this plan has been adopted in the case of natural barriers, over which salmon could not pass. On the Ballisodare River, near Sligo, there were fine waters completely shut in by great waterfalls. The right of fishing them was granted to a private individual. Several ladders have been erected, one over a perpendicular cascade of twenty-five feet, and the results of the experiment have been in the highest degree satisfactory. The Irish Commissioners have a power under the statute of ordering the erection of these ladders at their own discretion. Another provision enables them to protect streams against the introduction of deleterious substances. One of their greatest difficulties here was the flax-water, which is excessively poisonous to fish, and was constantly drained off from a manufactory to a neighbouring stream. The flax manufacture is so important a matter, especially in the north of Ireland, that the Commissioners felt scrupulous about any abrupt interference with the habits of the trade; but Mr. Ffennel observes on the stupidity of throwing away so much valuable manure, when it might easily be absorbed in peat earth, or conducted into cesspools; and he thinks that some more stringent legislative provisions on the subject might be adopted with benefit no less to the manufacturing than to the fishing interest. In the south of Ireland there was a still more serious difficulty to be confronted. A plant of the spurge family grows in great abundance by the banks of rivers, and is so deadly a poison, that two or three bundles thrown into the stream will poison all the fish, even eels, for several miles. The fish so killed are not unwholesome, and the people of Kerry, instructed originally by some monkish poacher, had handed down a traditional habit of employing this wholesale method for the supply of their tables. A heavy penalty, however, was imposed upon any one seen taking a poisoned fish out of the water; and as that can be done only by daylight, the vigilant inspection of water-bailiffs and policemen has, Mr. Ffennel thinks, put an end to the practice altogether.

Several strong instances are adduced of the happy results attending the present restrictions of bag and stake-nets. On the Suir, the Nore, and the Barrow, the fisheries were absolutely destroyed; "people up the river got no such thing for years as a new salmon," and the greatest distress was occasioned by numbers of fishermen being thrown out of employment. Since the Act the fishings have everywhere steadily improved. The people up the stream get good sport, the "cott-net" fishing of the lower orders has completely revived, and the takes of fish in estuaries and on the coast are larger than ever. Mr. Ffennel attributes the change mainly to the narrow parts of the estuaries being kept clear of fixed nets; and, indeed, as to nets in general, he says distinctly that "their operation is to keep the salmon so much out to sea that a larger and more steady supply would be obtained for the public if they were altogether done away with."

Mr. Ffennel's experience enabled him to give the Committee some curious evidence as to the habits of the salmon. Spawning begins in some rivers as early as the end of October, in others in November, but it goes on in most instances principally during December and January. Most fish come up the stream just previously to spawning, but others make the fresh water their habitation all through the summer, and from the spring onwards make the greatest efforts to push their way up, often killing themselves by jumping at the weirs and locks which stop their course. Mr. Ffennel says that he has watched fish come up in February and March, and not spawn till the December following, and in other instances salmon enter the stream in December, remain there till the following October, and then spawn. Their residence in fresh water soon spoils their colour, but the fish which come up in February are capital eating up to Midsommer, though their tendency is to become too fat and soft. The existence of these fish does not, however, seem to Mr. Ffennel any reason for permitting early fishing, as it would involve the destruction of many fish not in fine condition, and a wasteful sacrifice of unspawned fish, for the sake of securing an occasional luxury. The inducements to dishonesty as to unsound fish have of late sadly increased. Tin cases of salmon are made up for foreign countries, and when the fish is mashed up for this purpose good cannot be distinguished from bad. Two years ago, moreover, the French duty was taken off salmon, and the French do not appear to be particular as to quality. Last February some spent fish or kelts were found in possession of a broker, and the man, on being examined, acknowledged to making a profit of fivepence or sevenpence per pound, adding, by way of explanation, "I sent them to John Bull, and he thought them damned good." It appeared, however, that it was not John Bull, but the unfortunate Parisians, for whom this unwholesome repast was ultimately intended.

The salmon in spawning invariably seek for shallow beds of coarse gravel, and will force themselves into the most extraordinary places in search of a congenial soil. There are terrible battles about the spawning beds, and in spring many males are to be discovered lying dead, covered with wounds, the

honourable evidence of some chivalrous encounter. On the river Suir, at the Bridge of Cahir, we are told that "a multitude of people were looking at two large salmon spawning. The water was very clear, and a small fellow came from a hole in the river and repeatedly attacked the big salmon; they had a great conflict, the big salmon was far more spent than he was; he wanted to get possession of the female, and the big fellow fought him off. At last the small fish struck the big one behind the gills and killed him, and the people went down and picked him up." At Schreeb Bridge, in Connemara, some excellent artificial spawning-beds have been made by turning the stream out of a deep peaty channel, over a bed of gravel; and at Lord Plunket's fishery the same principle has been applied with the greatest success, the old stream being dammed completely up, and the water sent along a gravelly slope. This fishery was originally taken at a low price for angling purposes, but it now produces annually several hundred pounds' worth of fish, in addition to all that are taken with the rod. Mr. Ffennel thinks that it is to this sort of expedient that proprietors must look for improvement in their rivers. It requires, he says, a good supply of fish to stock waters satisfactorily. Prolific as the salmon is, sometimes producing 17,000 ova, the waste is proportionately enormous. Many of the ova are not impregnated, not having come in contact with the milt of the male at the right moment. Other ova are insufficiently covered, and float away into muddy places. Then, every spawning-bed is a favourite resort for wild ducks, who may constantly be seen at the proper season, with their heads under water, doing full justice to their costly repast. The fry, moreover, for three or four weeks after birth, carry about with them a little red bag, which is a signal for general attack; and even the smallest trout join in the universal onslaught. On their journey to the sea fresh dangers await them. In the Bay of Killala, twenty-six salmon-fry were taken out of a single black-pollock, and the bull trout, though not as numerous as other and less harmless kinds, are excessively voracious, and levy a heavy contribution as the little creatures are making their downward passage. Large quantities of fry are also destroyed in the mill-dams; and Mr. Ffennel says, that in old times he has seen millions of them detained in dry weather at Ardfinnon, on the Suir, unable to pass the weir, and exposed to the ravages of a tribe of little village sportsmen, who were pulling them out at the rate of 250 dozen a day.

HANGING NO MURDER.

IT has been said that the law of retaliation is inconsistent with the Christian morality. In express terms we are assured that the rule of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth has been formally abrogated and superseded. But it may be reasonably argued that the New Law was directed to provide rather for our private relative duties than for any public action of the State or of society generally. The spirit condemned by the Founder of the Gospel was that which leads man in his private and single capacity to take upon himself the function of the State or of God. We are told to judge not—that is, not to judge on our individual responsibility; but this leaves the province of law, or order, or social rule—by whatever name we call it—free. The Sermon on the Mount is addressed to individual man, not to society in its collective capacity. Christianity is a rule of private life and of personal duties; it does not prescribe political constitutions, social codes, or laws of public order and safety. All the arguments, therefore, of Mr. Charles Phillips and his school against punishment by death, as derived from the alleged precepts of Christianity, fall to the ground. Indeed, taking the broad surface facts and intimations of the Bible, the *lex talionis* survives. It is based upon a great natural instinct; and the Old Law embodied and carried it out into the most minute details of public convenience, and even of policy, because the Old Law was a theocracy. It prescribed an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, because the whole system of Divine Government announced was one of strict justice. We cannot understand Justice as apart from a principle of retribution. "I will repay"—I will make all things equal—rewards and punishments—blood for blood—strife for strife—wound for wound—money for money—price for price. This is plain simple justice—a thing intelligible and practical. This is, the justification of war—of going to law—of redress. The opponents upon Scriptural grounds of the punishment of death are reduced to this alternative—that they must either give up their view of its unlawfulness, or they must allow that the God of the Old Law is not the God of the New. For the whole of the first Bible is based upon this vindictive theory; and in so far as the Day of Judgment, the punishment of sinners, and even the general and abstract position that sin in its very nature entails upon itself punishment even in the present state of things—that is, so far as the fundamental idea of morality comes into the notion of religion, and especially of the Christian religion—it cannot be said that the punishment of death is inconsistent with the Gospel. The technical term "forensic justification," so much prized by theologians, and the view which has prevailed, since St. Anselm's time, of atonement by blood, must at any rate be abandoned by popular schools if they would deprive religion of a certain vindictive aspect.

It is just as well to recal people to first principles when, on the one hand, juries will not convict, as in a recent poisoning case, on tolerably plain evidence, and when, on the other, the crime of one

of the greatest criminals that ever entered the Old Bailey—Youngman—has for once silenced the mischievous maundering of the anti-vindictive theorists. It was felt, of course, to be a hopeless business to attempt to attract sympathy for that bloodstained monster who murdered his betrothed for the chance of a hundred pounds, and threw in a matricide and a double fratricide for the sake of screening one crime by committing three other and more atrocious ones, on the chance of its being supposed that the very malignity of the complex series of murders might make the whole incredible from the mere fact of its wholesale and gratuitous atrocity. A Dr. Duncan, in order to keep up the inevitable tradition that medical testimony offered to a jury must be either unintelligible pedantry or revolting nonsense, attempted to give in a very faltering adhesion to the "homicidal monomania" rubbish. This gentleman talked his talk, we believe, for no other reason than because it gave him an opportunity of airing two long-tailed polysyllables, as well as of writing a letter to the *Times*, which only suggests the old advice, that the next time he means nothing he had better say nothing. But, with this exception, no voice was raised in Youngman's behalf. This fact, however, may have mischievous consequences if it comes to be thought that hanging a murderer is to depend upon the amount of false sentiment which is to be got up by the fanatic or the fool in his favour. Neither—as it is not every day that we get hold of a criminal so gigantic as Youngman—must we yield to the impression that the punishment of death is to depend upon a monstrous *maximum*, or a varying standard of guilt. The punishment of death can never be defended except upon the theory of vengeance. Law stands in the place of the Divine Arbitrator, and, by a just and awful retaliation, awards blood for blood. It is not the question whether to hang him is the best or the worst use we can make of a murderer. His possible repentance is no consideration for us, for, if this argument were good for anything, it would arraign Supreme Justice whenever any man died in his sins. What applies to Divine Law applies to Human Law, because, in the interests of society, all Human Law is as Divine Law; and it is no more a reproach to the one to cut off Youngman because it is never too late to mend, and because he might possibly become a decent person, than a Borgia dying in his bed blaspheming is to the other. Nor should the punishment of death, as a public right and duty, be defended only upon the view of deterring and terrifying possible murderers. This consideration, though useful in practice, is met by the plausible but irrelevant argument of the levity of the crowds who witness an execution. Now, as there is probably not even one contingent murderer among a hundred thousand people, and as we do not know, after all, who in the mocking and brutal crowd really receives a salutary hint and warning, Mr. Dickens' famous and shallow argument falls to the ground. Unquestionably, whilst man is human, it is of the nature of humanity to be terrified by the spectacle of a public execution; and the jokes and laughter of a crowd are no proof at all that ruffians are not terrified. Youngman but represented a class—he carried out bravado to the last. It was a point of honour, if such a term may be so desecrated, to be above—as he was in fact below—the weakness of confession. To die game is the felon's *cordon bleu*, and to exhibit utter insensibility and indifference, real or feigned, to the terrors of the law is what young scoundrelism is trained to, as the Spartan boy was trained to conceal his agonies. But it by no means follows, because Youngman died the hardened ruffian that he lived, or because the spectators at Horsefonger-lane cracked jokes and nuts under the scaffold, that Calcraft's handiwork did not tell on the spectators. But whether it told or not is, in our judgment, little or nothing to the purpose; for it is certain that it is impossible to prove the failure of an execution to inspire terror into the public mind. It is an impudent assumption to deny its efficacy by way of example.

There is a lower ground on which the punishment of death may be vindicated. It seems as though, while murder is on the increase among us, the means of detecting it do not keep pace with its lamentable frequency. Of course it is no new thing that murderers are not discovered. Some five and thirty years ago, a solitary widow-woman of the name of Donatti, living near Gray's-inn-lane, in a station of life just rising above the mediocrity of mere poverty, was murdered—and, as it appeared, in broad daylight—under circumstances not a little resembling those connected with the murder of the widow Emsley, in Grove-lane; and the trail of the crime was never hit off by the police. The murderer of a prostitute in the Waterloo-road was never discovered. The mutilated corpse discovered on the piers of Waterloo Bridge remains an impenetrable mystery. The Road murder is an event which hitherto has baffled official ingenuity, though it is certain that the area in which the crime must have been committed is extremely narrow. We seem to want a person—the respectable Nodgett, or such as the character in Poe's tale—whose function should be to devote his life to piecing together the little indistinct hints which make up a secret and a mystery. And while the scent of the sleuth-hounds of the law is certainly not brought up to greater refinement and a more unerring discrimination, science gives to at least one department of murder—that by poison—a scientific certainty which, coupled with the novel nature of a description of evidence which English juries are as yet incapable of appreciating, is an alarming feature of the times. Every newspaper report educates the inchoate murderer. He learns not only to avoid his predecessor's blunders, but to profit

by his nearness to impunity. Railways facilitate the escape of a criminal; and where a stranger in a village is no longer a novelty, the fusion of society gives a murderer every chance of being lost in a crowd. A day's start of the law, and a week's secure hiding, are almost within any murderer's power when everybody is a traveller; and the detection of any given murder becomes more difficult in a formidably increasing ratio every hour that it is not detected. The result is, that we have more murders and more difficulty in discovering their perpetrators. The lesson is, that when we have caught and convicted a murderer we should make sure of him.

BLIND PEOPLE.

AMONG the various musical entertainments of the season that has lately closed, there was one, a few weeks ago, which, though the performers were principally unknown to fame, and the programme was of the most familiar description, possessed nevertheless an interest of its own of no mean order, for every one whose sympathies extend beyond the narrow range of personal gratification to the attainment of really useful ends, and the alleviation of one of the gravest of human calamities. A concert of blind musicians may seem at first sight to possess but little claim to notice beyond that sort of curiosity which invariably attaches to a new effect, and which is useful to catch the attention of a *blasé* public, and to stimulate a capricious good nature into active generosity. But the performance at the Hanover-square Rooms was no mere ingenious freak. It was the studied result of much management, foresight, and patience. For years past several gentlemen, principally in connexion with the great Institution in St. George's Fields, have been endeavouring to establish in this country a more extensive means of utilizing the musical abilities of the blind than it was formerly the fashion to think possible or expedient. Blind people were, in old times, never instructed in any other instruments than the pianoforte or organ—first, because the place of church-organist offered the best chance of a livelihood, and next from a laudable unwillingness to swell the ranks of the army of blind fiddlers and other itinerant musicians, who, in their financial calculations, are accustomed to rely not more on the compassion of society than on the not unreasonable aversion with which their performances are generally regarded. It was thought that, by a discriminating selection of especially promising pupils, and by careful training, it would not be difficult to organize a band of blind performers who might fairly look to their proficiency as orchestral performers to provide them with a decent and independent maintenance. With this object in view, Mr. Edmund C. Johnson, acting by the desire of his blind friend Viscount Cranborne, one of the earliest and most vigorous supporters of the scheme, and whose efforts on behalf of his similarly afflicted brethren need no mention in these pages, visited various Continental institutions, and published, some years ago, an account of his own observations in France, Spain, and Germany, and of the degree of success which had attended the adoption of the plan in American asylums. In Barcelona he found a blind school in possession of the remains of an unused convent, and the *sièges* of the establishment, thoroughly Spanish in the dignity of their demeanour and the garlicky fragrance of their abode, diligently practising various musical instruments in the small cells where departed friars had formerly slept and snored. The attendance here was not compulsory, and varied according to the caprice of the pupils, the state of the weather, and the amount of out-of-doors attraction. Great things have nevertheless been effected. On one occasion Mr. Johnson heard a class being instructed in a mass of Palestrina—the professor giving out the notes to the more advanced scholars, and singing the air for the beginners. Flutes, violins, clarionets, and French horns were all hard at work, and before Mr. Johnson left, the task was almost perfected. Afterwards there was an instrumental concert, in which twenty-three performers took part, and satisfactorily attested the zeal of their instructors by the exquisite precision with which they executed various operatic selections. At Hamburg, the winter vacation was duly ushered in by a *fête*, in which the exertions of a "grand orchestre" of blind players formed the most attractive feature. At Dresden and Berlin, similar systems had been pursued, and equally satisfactory results obtained. France was not behindhand in the race. At Lille, Mr. Johnson found that the fashionable world had assembled in great force, and contentedly devoted a long afternoon to brilliant fantasies on the flute and pianoforte, and to concerted pieces, in which trombones, ophicleides, and ecrasets-à-piston had contributed at once to the harmony and splendour of the occasion. In the Institut des Jeunes Aveugles at Paris, under the able direction of M. Gaudet, three professors, all blind men, and four assistants were employed in training a band of thirty-four performers. The instruction was in the first instance auricular, but the scholars were taught to emboss their own score on frames contrived for the purpose, and so to secure themselves against mistake of ear or lapse of memory. Mr. Johnson learned from the chef-d'orchestre that the expense of such a band was such as might readily be provided for, and that four years were reckoned a long enough period to secure the necessary proficiency. The scheme of forming a brass band had also been entertained, but had been abandoned on the ground of expense, inconvenience in practice, and the pulmonary delicacy to which the blind are frequently liable.

Fortified with these facts, Lord Cranborne and Mr. Johnson set vigorously to work, and the troupe of instrumentalists which excited so much surprise and interest at the Hanover-square concert was, we believe, collected and trained under their personal supervision. They may fairly be congratulated on the result of their exertions. It is no slight thing to have opened up to a class so deserving of commiseration, and in the first instance so entirely helpless, an avenue to an interesting and profitable career. It is quite a mistake to imagine that persons afflicted with blindness are invariably, or even generally, compensated by such constitutional cheerfulness and activity of mind as can prevent the isolation and despondency naturally attendant on so terrible a privation. Where all the resources of a luxurious home are lavished upon them, or where proper means for their instruction are cleverly contrived and patiently carried out, as in the various blind asylums, this happy result is, in most instances, obtained. But, where the blind man is left to his own resources, or where, as in our poor-houses, there is no apparatus for meeting the peculiar necessities of his case, he too often sinks into complete gloom, loses more and more of his interest in the concerns of life, and seems every day less capable of being raised to an intelligent and vigorous employment. A terribly large proportion of the blind of this metropolis are in this unfortunate position. There are in London, Mr. Johnson has elsewhere informed us, nearly 5000 blind persons. Of these, "it is assumed, on good authority, that 100 are in affluent circumstances; 400 subsist upon the bounty of their friends; about 1000 drag on a poor but independent existence by working at a trade and selling a few baskets and matches, or by playing on some musical instrument in the street or at public-houses; while the remainder are utterly destitute, just saved from starvation by begging from door to door, recipients of the several public charities for the blind in London, or inmates of the workhouse." It is, perhaps, too much to hope that any remedial measure can do more than curtail the sufferings which such a state of things seems almost necessarily to involve. But it is certain that labour or money can hardly be more worthily spent than in providing a mechanism which successfully grapples with the most serious evils of the case, and which, if it does not do everything, is undeniably efficient as far as it goes. Anybody who cares to inquire may speedily convince himself of the immense amount of happiness conferred by such institutions as that of which Lord Cranborne and Mr. Johnson are such ardent allies. At the Blind School in St. George's-in-the-fields, nearly 200 indigent persons are every year clothed, fed, instructed in music, and furnished with a handicraft by which they may hope, at any rate partially, to maintain themselves. At the London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read, fifty people receive the same sort of advantages. Another very useful Society—the Society for Printing and Distributing Books for the Use of the Blind—was set on foot by Viscount Cranborne, and is devoted to popularizing the embossed text, and to endeavouring to reduce the various systems of shorthand and notation now in use in different parts of the country to a uniform standard. Each plan has its own adherents, who are unwilling to make any change, but there certainly seems much force in the argument that every arbitrary system of writing, however expedient at first, must tend to foster the sentiment of separation and peculiarity to which the blind are generally so painfully alive. Besides this, to a person suddenly becoming blind, and so driven to employ the embossed type, it would, of course, be a serious additional difficulty if, besides acquiring a familiarity with the shape of the character, he had to be instructed in its meaning; and we are happy to learn that the Roman character is gradually making way against the opposition to which, in some quarters, it was at one time exposed. It is pleasant to know that *Robinson Crusoe* was one of the earliest books thus brought within the reach of the blind, and that the imagination of many a little boy will hereafter be fired by dreams of desert islands, wild savages, and nautical adventures which, to his outward eye, must remain for ever a forbidden region.

Another Society, founded by Miss Gilbert, for "the promotion of the general welfare of the blind," has contrived, with inconsiderable funds, to offer employment and sustenance to about ninety persons who were formerly driven to beggary or the workhouses. Here there is an important industrial establishment; seventeen trades are in course of being taught; a museum of inventions especially concerning their own interests is so arranged as to be perfectly accessible to its blind frequenters; and a lending library furnishes the sedulously disposed among them with a goodly supply of embossed literature. Other Societies effect a less pretentious, but not less useful end. Blind people are supplied with work at their homes, guided about the streets, and relieved at moments of exceptional distress. One princely bequest, called Day's Charity, has provided a certain number of aged blind with small life pensions, and these are the fond dream of almost every blind man throughout the country. The Society for which the Blind Musicians gave their performance—the Annuity Society for the Blind—has a similar aim. Its promoters hope "by small annual sums of money to rescue the industrious blind of good character from actual penury and from the workhouse." Poor families, to whom the support of a blind member is almost impossible, are to be thus relieved from a burthen which now often results in homelessness or destitution. Lists of deserving candidates are prepared so as to avoid the possibility of fraud or waste. All means that ingenuity and foresight can devise have

been taken for rendering the Society generally and permanently efficient. Every one must wish well to so sensible and well-planned a contrivance for lightening a burthen which we cannot altogether remove. We sincerely trust that the ascertained possibility of a successful concert may serve to encourage both the patrons and performers, and that next summer we may have to welcome a still more imposing array of blind musicians, and to congratulate the founders and the committee—amongst which we find the names of Viscount Cranborne, William Gausson, the Hon. Henry Walpole, Lord E. Cecil, Lord Southesk, Lord Raynham, and Mr. E. C. Johnson—upon ampler funds, more general support, and a more extended field for useful exertion.

ADDITIONS TO THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

WE have never been backward in recognising the value and interest of the heterogeneous collections of the Brompton Museum, and in appreciating the energy and ability of its officials. But of course we have had our laugh, with the rest of the world, at the puffing and charlatanism to which the institution has had recourse. We have expressed our wonder and vexation at the hideous structures which owe their birth to Captain Fowke's engineering taste, and which have gained for the Museum the sobriquet of the "Brompton Boilers." And, above all, we have protested against the policy of moving the national pictures to a gallery so far distant from the heart of London. As to this, indeed, all our vaticinations have been fulfilled. When the pictures of the British school were removed from Marlborough House to South Kensington, and aggregated to the Sheepshanks collection, it was easy to see that there was but small probability of this step ever being retraced. It is only fair to say, that never were pictures better hung, or more comfortably seen, than in the Brompton Galleries. Whatever may be said against the external appearance or the substantial solidity of Captain Fowke's corrugated iron sheds, no one will dispute that the rooms in which the Vernon and Sheepshanks pictures are exhibited are admirable for lighting and cleanness and convenience. Added to which, the arrangements for showing the galleries by gaslight are no less a novelty than they are a complete success, and a most important concession to the needs and wishes of the public. Those who can afford time and omnibus fare to go to Brompton—and, if we are to believe the returns which the officers of the Museum are so diligent in compiling, these holiday-makers are to be reckoned by tens of thousands—have now the opportunity of seeing a chronological arrangement of the British school of painting, such as was foreshadowed at the Manchester Fine Arts Exhibition. It is unlikely that this collection will be again divided. Meanwhile, it is steadily growing in extent and importance. The recent addition of fifty paintings, presented by Mrs. Ellison, of Sudbrooke Holme, Lincolnshire, in accordance with the wishes of her late husband, has further enabled the authorities to arrange a series of water-colour pictures which will form the nucleus of a complete gallery of a department of art which may almost be called national.

We have lately noticed the Report of Mr. Hutt's Select Committee, and need not repeat here our demand for a better classification and a weeding of the general contents of the Museum. We wish now only to speak of some late additions to a portion of the collection in which we take a special interest.

The most remarkable department of the Museum—not to speak now of the modern pictures or sculpture—is undoubtedly the Mediæval and Renaissance Collection. This has increased with marvellous rapidity, and good judgment has generally been shown in the purchases that have been made. Nowhere can there be seen a finer assemblage of majolica and ceramic ware; of enamelling and works in the precious metals; of carvings, and illuminations, and embroideries, of details and furniture, and, in short, of works of every kind of decorative art, than has been brought together within these few years at South Kensington. The value of the collection, moreover, is greatly enhanced by the display, from time to time, of fine specimens lent to the Museum for exhibition by private collectors. Unusual liberality has been shown in this way by the possessors of works of art and of *virtù*. When specimens are only lent for study, it would be ungracious to criticize their value too freely. But when they are bought with the public money, it is a duty to see whether the purchases have been made with due discretion. We are sorry that we can say little or nothing in favour of the recent purchases made in Italy by Mr. J. C. Robinson, the Art Superintendent, to which the daily newspapers have given undeserved publicity. Most readers of the *Times* will remember the flourish of trumpets which heralded the acquisition by the Museum of a *cantoria*, or singing-gallery, from the church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence. It afforded a fine opportunity for vilifying the monks of that famous convent, for sneering at the "restoration" which was in progress in their historic church, for abusing their architect, but above all for glorifying the English official, who, being on the spot, rescued this precious work of art—not without a suspicion of sharp practice—at his own pecuniary risk and responsibility, and brought it to England, where the Lord President of the Council immediately sanctioned the step and reimbursed the sum of 350*l.* which had been paid for it. We were told that this *cantoria* was the work of the sculptor Baccio d'Agnolo, executed in Carrara marble about 1500, and that its removal from the church was an act of unparalleled stupidity and vandalism. Of course

the majority of those who went to see these newly-acquired treasures admired as they were bidden to admire in the catalogue. Great is the value of a name. It could not but be a mark of good taste to appreciate a work of Baccio d'Agnolo, even though one had never heard the name before. But, in reality, this singing or organ-gallery is a most worthless affair: and 350 shillings, in addition to the cost of its transport to England, would have been wasted in its purchase. It is nothing but a huge stone balcony, 16 feet long and 7 feet 6 inches high, supported on the ugliest of brackets, and projecting five feet from the wall. The design is of the meanest and most commonplace Renaissance. There is a cornice without grace; and there are on the panels some flat, spiritless carvings, and some unnaturally flowing scrolls. A certain historic interest attaches to this monument, as having stood for three centuries in one of the sanctuaries of art, but that is all. Anything more ludicrous than the appearance of this cumbrous and inartistic gallery on the floor of a small room in the Museum cannot be conceived. Let it be given to St. Paul's Cathedral or some such large Renaissance church, where it can be used to support an organ at a great height from the floor, and it will then pass muster. But it can do no earthly good in the South Kensington Museum. We should be very sorry if John Doe and Richard Roe could not design or carve a better cantoria any day than this dull work of Baccio d'Agnolo. "Amongst other injudicious proceedings," says Mr. Robinson, with some flippancy, "the wealthy confraternity of Santa Maria Novella, having determined to renovate their celebrated church, decided to do away with the ancient cantoria, and to erect another in its stead, designed in the style of the edifice itself, which is of the thirteenth or early part of the fourteenth century." We may observe that the exact date of the foundation of this fine Dominican church, 1278, is well known; and, without justifying any sweeping and indiscriminate clearance of all the incongruities which five centuries may have encrusted upon its severe Italian-Gothic shell, we may well pause before we condemn the convent for wishing to restore it. Restoration is, no doubt, a very perilous process, but Mr. Robinson's principle would have preserved intact the choir of Ely Cathedral as it was left by Wyatt. If Baccio d'Agnolo's cantoria is a fair specimen of what the modern Florentine architect has lately removed, we think that, upon the whole, we would rather err with him than be right in company with the Art Superintendent of Brompton.

It is a perverse thing that so much has been said about this singing gallery, for most of the other acquisitions made by Mr. Robinson in the same Italian journey are real treasures of art. We may except, indeed, the "Lavabo," or fountain, which is asserted to be the work of Benedetto da Rovezzano and Jacopo Sansovino. This is poor in composition and much perished and defaced, while some of the detail is nasty and indecent. On the other hand, an altar-piece and a tabernacle from Fiesole, by Andrea Ferucci, circa 1490, are truly excellent in execution and ornamentation. Here, too, the architecture and composition are debased, but the carving is first-rate—delicate, and yet vigorous and masterly in treatment. Of the numerous works described in the special catalogue of these Italian acquisitions many are still in their packing cases. It is only a few that are as yet exhibited. Among these are four angle piers of a marble pulpit from a church near Pisa. We see no ground whatever for assigning these to Nicolo or Giovanni Pisano. They are probably the work of some later and inferior artist. It is simple nonsense to point out in these carvings, as the catalogue does, "the partial revival of the antique classical style, consequent on the study of the antique monuments in the Campo Santo of Pisa." An alto-relievo of the Virgin and Child with Angels, by Mino da Fiesole (1470), if rightly credited to that artist, was no doubt worth buying for 40*l*. But why the Marchese Albertotti of Arezzo should have sold so precious an heir-loom for so insignificant a sum is a puzzle. This work is not yet exhibited. The life-sized marble statue of Jason, from the Palazzo Strozzi at Florence, "attributed to Michael Angelo or one of his earlier scholars," is a very interesting and instructive work. It would have been better, however, to have assigned it at once to a pupil of the great Florentine. Passing over a number of purchases, some of which are not to be found, while others are lying in fragments not yet put together, we come to some splendid specimens of Luca della Robbia ware. In particular the enormous circular relievo, eleven feet in diameter, bought from a villa near Florence for 90*l*., is worthy of all admiration. This medallion was inserted in the exterior face of a campanile at a great height from the ground; and though it has been exposed for 350 years, its colours are as fresh now as they were when this huge piece of pottery first left the oven. The subject is a coat of arms, surrounded by a bold border of fruit and flowers, most grandly designed and coloured. This work ought to give an inspiration to the Staffordshire potteries, and to open a new era among us of external polychromatic decoration. We know no place where the Della Robbia ware can be so well studied as at South Kensington. The Museum already possessed some excellent specimens, and these new purchases are a most worthy addition. A small late Tabernacle (No. 15) of this manufacture shows great beauty of design in the fruit with which it is ornamented, but the architecture is debased and the figures are coarse. It seems like a tax upon our credulity to be assured that a statue of Venus in *gesso duro*, "a beautiful cast, or replica, of the bronze statue by Giovanni di Bologna, now in the collection of the Uffizi in Florence; executed, without doubt, by the artist himself," was

bought for 15*l*. This work, also, was not exhibited when we last visited the Museum; and an attendant in the neighbouring room, who seemed the reverse of intelligent, could give us no information about it. The public has some claim to be told the grounds for such a positive assertion as this. This trifling sum, at least, will not be grudged by the nation to Mr. Robinson. It is tantalizing to buy and read the catalogue of such works of art as these, and not to be able to see them. We suppose that the late appeal for more funds was grounded on the necessity of providing room for the display of these new purchases. If so, the Department has acted with some astuteness in thus titillating the curiosity of the public.

REVIEWS.

GERMAN PICTURES OF OLD ENGLISH HISTORY.*

IN the construction of every book, as in the construction of everything else, there is a great deal of valuable stuff cut to waste. Numbers of curious facts and interesting pictures, collected perhaps at the cost of great labour, have to be rejected at the last moment because they do not fit into the plan. With a fond paternity of feeling with which every author will sympathize, Dr. Reinhold Pauli has resolved that a place shall yet be found for the slighted children of his laborious studies. We have all of us enjoyed his *History of England*—thoroughly substantial food, satisfying to the lustiest appetite; but, after all that mass of learning and thought is disposed of, the author contrives to give us of the fragments that remain a very respectable meal, in the shape of a volume of *Essays*. They are delineations of various features of mediæval life which have been brought strongly before him while studying for his greater work, but for which the narrative structure of a history would hardly allow a place. They range over a wide variety of subjects, from the origin of Parliaments to Chaucer's poetry, or the aspect of mediæval London. They are told with all Dr. Pauli's grace of style and vigour of expression, and also with all that characteristic partiality for England which makes them very grateful reading to the English student. He is generally more happy in narrative or description than in analysis, though, as with most of his countrymen, his taste rather leads him to the latter. Of the analytical essays, the best is unquestionably the one that contains an account of that succession of religious revivals which terminated with the Reformation. It is, however, in such descriptions as that of mediæval London, or in sketches of character like that of Duke Humphrey, that his style has its fairest play and its real merits are displayed. But he is an historian with a strong interest in the present which glimmers through all his pictures of the past. He is a warm favourer of the alliance that is growing up between Germany and England, and works to strengthen the ties which are linking them together. He seeks to discover the sanction of something like a tradition for the friendship which political necessities are dictating; and pleases himself, therefore, with recurring to such matters as the white horse, the device of Hengist and Horsa, which is still to be found in the arms of Brunswick and of Kent, and any other similar indications of ancient affinity he can trace. But he is nearly as much embarrassed by his task as the *Heralds' College* when they are requested by some self-made millionaire to find out an ancestor who came over with the Conqueror. The materials are distressingly scanty for an historian who wishes to find a mediæval precedent for an alliance between England and Germany—let alone Prussia, which then was only doubtfully in existence. Ever since, under Louis XIV., the aggressive temper of France threatened a project of universal conquest, the two nations, the subjects of a common peril, have naturally clung together. But, before that time, there were neither common nor conflicting interests to bring them into contact. Near neighbourhood, it is true, brought us often into intercourse with the Low Countries, but they owed an allegiance so purely nominal to the Empire that they took, for the most part, an independent course, and were neither guided nor affected by the policy of Charlemagne's successors. With the other and heartier members of that unwieldy mass trade was our solitary link; and, in those days, the requirements of trade had but a weak influence on the policy of Courts. Clashing dynastic claims, which were the principal ties of mutual interest between feudal nations, never brought into one and the same page the histories of Germany and England.

Still, though they were scanty, some traces are to be found of the intercourse of the two Courts. One English Prince obtained a titular possession of the Imperial Crown, and two English Princesses secured Imperial husbands. Richard of Cornwall's costly and fruitless ambition has left no other vestige on the history of Germany than a name to mark a period of confusion; but there is a more enduring monument in England of his aspirations, for he took the opportunity to introduce from the Hartz Mountains miners to work his Cornish minerals. The next reign witnessed probably the most serious attempt at a connexion between the two Courts that was ever made till long after the middle ages had passed away. The second son of Rodolph of Hapsburg, destined by him for his successor on the Imperial

* *Bilder aus Alt-England*. Von Reinhold Pauli. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

throne, was not only engaged to the daughter of Edward I., but actually started on the journey to take possession of his bride. Unluckily, Princes travelled in those ages in boats almost as unsafe as those which young gentlemen use in our own day, for it is recorded that the youthful bridegroom, travelling down the Rhine, ran against the bough of an overhanging tree in a fog, and was upset and drowned. From this time till the Reformation the two nations travelled each upon its own way, taking little heed of the vicissitudes of the other. Edward III. paid a visit of great state to Louis the Bavarian, at Coblenz, and concluded a nominal alliance, but it was forgotten almost as soon as signed, and never produced any practical effect. Henry IV., as a young man, made an excursion among the crusading Teutonic knights in the Baltic; but it appears to have been more because they were crusaders than because they were Teutons that he wished to know them. A zeal for at least the appearance of orthodoxy, rather than any view of national interest, seems to have been also the chief motive of Henry V. in receiving and entertaining with so much honour the adventurous Emperor Sigismund. But, in spite of the occasional greetings, neither nation took much interest in the other's proceedings, or was at much pains to recognise the kinship. Indeed, in England, a Teutonic ancestry was very far from being a coveted distinction at that time.

But Dr. Pauli thinks he has discovered one exception to the mutual indifference with which the relationship now so much prized was regarded. England was the stoutest of all possible protectionists; but yet the Hanse Towns were allowed to trade on peculiarly liberal conditions. They received, as far back as the days of Ethelred the Second, the privilege of trading on equal terms with native merchants, and they were subsequently allowed—no other aliens being permitted to hold land—to found and retain a factory at the Steelyard in London, which they possessed till within the last seven years. The Hanse Towns were far from reciprocating this policy. They did their best to exclude the English from the Baltic altogether; and many quarrels and much bloodshed were caused by their jealousy. In spite of this want of reciprocity—possibly in consequence of it—the Hanse Towns for more than a century almost monopolized the English trade. They always seem to have excelled the native English merchant in energy and enterprise, and their vast connexions, stretching from Novgorod to Lisbon, gave them an advantage against which it was hopeless for him to compete. But though the Hanse Towns had no trouble in dealing with their English rivals, the footing which the Italian cities had established in English trade, and of which Lombard-street still preserves the memory, presented a more formidable competition. It is rather curious that it was the commencement of England's long hostility to France in Edward the Third's reign, which first brought the Italian influence to the ground, though the rationale of the connexion is not very easy to explain. On the news of the battle of Crecy many Genoese and Florentine houses in London broke; while, on the contrary, a great impetus was given to the Hanseatic trade. From this time forward the pre-eminence of the latter was undisputed.

Dr. Pauli notices one result of this early inferiority in English merchants which is very suggestive. London was never able to assume that independent attitude towards the English Crown which so many towns of less size and wealth, both in Germany and Flanders, maintained towards the Empire. It was not for want of the inclination. London surrounded her chief magistrate with all the insignia and state of petty royalty, endowed him with princely revenues, and gave him a factitious eminence which in the Continental mind has not evaporated to this day. The opposition to the Court always found its great fulcrum in the City, and the privileges of the City were always the great stumbling-block of the Court. But in the earlier ages, when Constitutional rights had not yet solidified, and might have been permanently fixed in any form in which they could have then been moulded, the merchants of London were too weak to set up an independent government, and therefore it never attained to the position of Nuremberg or Ghent. Dr. Pauli no doubt has before his mind, as every patriotic German must have, the "particularismus"—the comminuted political condition—which is just now so noxious to his country; and he naturally seeks for an answer to the question why, on Germany alone, of all countries inhabited by a Germanic stock, this curse has specially fallen? How is it that Westmoreland and Warwick, Bretagne and Maine, never attained to the independence of the "reichsunmittelbar" nobility, and that Hamburg has no analogues in Lyons or York? Something of the cause is no doubt to be found in the weakness of the central power produced by the elective sovereignty, which, as in Poland, was constantly tempting foreign interference and intrigue. But we suspect that still more was due to the accidental character of the rulers—though of course that is a cause that a German would be slow to recognise. Otherwise it is inexplicable why three feudal countries, starting under conditions so similar as England, France, and Germany, should have arrived at results so startlingly divergent. All three were governed at first under the maxims of the same feudal law; all three were exposed to the same disturbance from the aggressions and intrigues of the spiritual power; in all three the ruling class at least was of Germanic origin. Centuries passed away, and when the Revolution came, France had reached the extreme of centraliza-

tion, Germany the extreme of localization, while England maintained the happy mean in which the local power was controlled but not swallowed up by the central. The character of those who held the central power must have had more to do with this result than any peculiar social elements; for in each of the three countries that character displays a difference closely corresponding to the result. In Germany it was weakest, in France it was strongest, in England the strength and weakness were mutually tempered. From Rodolph to Maria Theresa there is not a single German Emperor of more than average character, with the single exception of Charles V., whose bigotry neutralized all the influence his abilities might have secured. The inevitable result was, that the central authority fell almost into abeyance. France, on the other hand, from the expulsion of the English to the Regency of Orleans, was governed, almost without intermission, by a succession of Kings or Ministers of both great ability and great vigour. The result was, that the central authority overshadowed and withered up every other authority in the State. We have happily avoided both extremes in England, because we have had neither the extreme of strength nor of weakness in our rulers. There has always been an Edward I. to recover the ground lost by a Henry III., a Henry VI. to counterbalance the vigour of a Henry V., a dynasty of Stuarts to fling away what a dynasty of Tudors had won. We suspect that it is in these differences of character, rather than in any more recondite causes, that the explanation of the present state of things is to be sought. But we are well aware, that in a day when social elements and tendencies of race are the household gods of the historian, it must seem prosaic and mean to refer the phenomena of history to anything so commonplace as the characters of individuals. Dr. Pauli naturally leans to more philosophic views; but his admirable power of sketching character drives him to give a prominence to individual action which no efforts will enable him to secure for his philosophical disquisitions.

OXFORD GUIDES.*

PERHAPS "the University and City of Oxford" are (or is—we are not sure of our grammar) the place which attracts a greater number of visitors of all kinds than any other in England; and, moreover, there is no place whose permanent attractions, if we may be allowed the bull, are so constantly changing. Nowhere do so many old buildings vanish and so many new ones rise up. Nowhere is the work of legislation so busy. More time, indeed, is devoted to law-making in a certain corner of the city of Westminster, but we are not sure that quite so many laws pass through all their stages and actually get put into working in Westminster as in Oxford. A great deal of Oxford legislation is, indeed, mysterious to the world at large, and is of no account at all to the visitor to Oxford. It was a considerable constitutional change when the new sumpsinus of the Hebdomadal Council was substituted for the old mumpsimus of the Hebdomadal Board. But, æsthetically, there has been no change. To the eyes of the passing visitor Mumpsimus still retains all his ancient glory, so long as, by a commendable piece of deference to fallen greatness, it is the defunct, and not the existing, government whose members still walk in long (and bright) clothing to the chief seats in St. Mary's. But when, instead of forming a new constitution for the commonwealth, the commonwealth itself proceeds to vote—we are afraid to say how much—for a New Museum, then the visitor has a very visible and tangible piece of legislation set before his eyes. Where there are so many things to see, and where the things to see are so constantly altering, it is no wonder that a perennial stream of Guide Books is needed to teach visitors what to see and how to see it. Now, Guide Books are always curious reading. We believe there is nothing which throws more light on the taste of a time or place than its Guide Books. Whether they seek really to guide the popular taste, or merely to pander to it, there are no more speaking witnesses as to what it really is. Of the three Oxford Guide Books before us, two—the eldest and the youngest—are extremely amusing. An Oxford Guide Book of the year 1809 could hardly be otherwise. Taste and knowledge have since then advanced, in all those matters which are brought most forcibly forwards by a walk through Oxford, by five centuries rather than by five decades. We enjoy a laugh, but a perfectly innocent laugh, at the writer's grotesque descriptions of familiar objects. His notions of history and architecture are, of course—and it is no fault of his—those of the year 1809. His style is what that of a hack-writer of that time was sure to be. And we are by no means certain that the style of a hack-writer then was any worse than the style of a hack-writer now. Our Oxford Guide is stupid and tasteless, servile, indiscriminating, and given to fine writing; but all these are comparatively venial errors, so long as he is exempt from the *peccatum mortale* of forced facetiousness. Our Guide is rather fond of bowing down before things and people, and rather fond of patting them on the back. He talks in a patronizing way of "that celebrated architect, Sir Christopher Wren," and goes on to speak with becoming reverence of Arch-

* A New Pocket Companion for Oxford; or, Guide through the University, &c. &c. Oxford. 1809.
A Handbook for Visitors to Oxford. Oxford. 1847.
The Oxford University and City Guide. A New Edition. Oxford. 1850.

bishop Sheldon as "His Grace." But we have only once caught him in something like a sly piece of satire, though, to be sure, we are not quite clear whether it is a sly piece of satire or only a serious advertisement. In those days Hertford College still existed, or tried to exist. Dr. Newton, Principal of Hart Hall in 1740, tried to turn his Hall into a College, but he gave it so wretched an endowment that hardly anybody would take Fellowships, and the Society died out. Our *Guide* tells us, discreetly enough, "And, though it is now styled Hertford College, it may be called by the name of any other person who will complete the endowment of it, or become the principal benefactor to it." On the whole, we do not think our old friend at all discreditable, considering his age. There are not many blunders in the book which could well have been avoided by such lights as existed in 1809.

The Handbook of 1847 is, of course, a vast improvement. It is, indeed, disfigured by a rather foolish introduction, in which the constitution of the University, as it then stood, is attempted to be explained in the facetious style. Here and there, in the body of the book, there are things which might have been better; but, on the whole, it is a useful and pretty little volume, with fairly full and accurate accounts of the Colleges and other buildings. As so much has been added and altered in various ways since 1847, a revised and enlarged edition would be very useful.

And now for the third on our list. This is a marvel indeed. The style and the spirit of the book of 1860 are, on the whole, very little different from that of 1809, only, what is pardonable in 1809 ceases to be so in 1860. New-born ignorance and twaddle are something very different from ignorance and twaddle half-a-century old. If the writer knew his place, perhaps he might get on in some humble sphere; but he everywhere affects knowledge, affects criticism, affects minute accuracy, affects elegance of style. In point of knowledge and judgment, he is incomparably below his predecessor of 1847. He goes out of his way to make deplorable exhibitions of ignorance, and to write many sentences which are not grammatical English. For instance, the date of the main portions of the Cathedral is plain enough, somewhere about 1170 or 1180. The elaborate capitals and mouldings in the nave cannot possibly be earlier, and the choir cannot be much older. But our *Guide* tells us:—

The design of this beautiful structure was prepared either by or under Prior Guymond, chaplain to Henry I., between A.D. 1122 and 1141, or under his successor in the last-named year. The probability is that this work would have commenced under the first prior, under the new order of things by which the married clergy were deprived of their possessions to make way for the more Romanized unmarried monks. Hence we may date this church amongst the transitional Norman edifices of the reign of Henry I., in whose time, also, Dunstable Priory and St. Bartholomew's the Greater, in Smithfield, were commenced. Close upon these followed the still nearly perfect and noble church of St. Cross Hospital, founded by Stephen de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, in A.D. 1136.

What on earth have the married clergy to do with the date? What is the standard of more or less Romanized? And who is Stephen de Blois? Our *Guide* seemingly does not know the difference between the two famous brethren, Henry, Bishop of Winchester, and Stephen, King of England.

After this, it is perhaps useless for the architectural inquirer to ask the meaning of the following description. We are tolerably familiar with the Cathedral, but this is utterly beyond us:—

It has been conjectured, but without reason, that the lower arches on either side the nave and choir are Saxon, taken into the Norman design. That design is unique and most ingeniously diversified. The arches opening into the aisles rise from enriched corbel tables, springing from the sides of the pillars, whence rise bolder and more richly moulded arches that flank the arcades in the wall of the triforium story. Above these is an open balustraded gallery in front of the clerestory which is mostly lighted by early lancet windows.

At Magdalen College School (which the writer improperly calls the Choristers' School), we are told that "the porch, with a library over it (already possessing a selection of classic and polite literature, excellently adapted to form the youthful mind), is on the side next the spacious playground." Probably nothing would offend the mind of the head-master more than this vile puff, except it be when the *Guide* goes on to talk of "the Principal's house." Fancy the Master of a Grammar-school four hundred years old, and who numbers Cardinal Wolsey among his predecessors, being degraded into the "Principal," as if he presided over a "Proprietary Collegiate Educational Institution for Young Gentlemen."

At University College we find "a very fine bust of the late Mr. Pitt," and we learn at Queen's that "the late exemplary Queen Charlotte" gave 1000*l.* towards the rebuilding.

At St. Mary's, the *Guide* expresses a wish to which we cannot say Amen:—"It is to be hoped that the incongruous front before the principal south entrance, erected in 1637 by Laud's chaplain, Dr. Morgan Owen, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff, will ere long be replaced in a more consistent style."

The New Museum leads the way to a sudden gust of rhetoric worthy of Mr. Bellow in its style, of Mr. Robert Montgomery in its grammar, and in its typography of the Imperial pamphleteer himself:—

To examine this remarkable apartment is easier than to describe it, and the visitor to the spot does not need a description. He wishes for a clue only to guide him through the intricate arrangement, and explain the elaborate ornament.

What this rich corridor? Why these massive marbles? What these carvings? Who these statues? To what purpose this forest of shafts, with their varied foliage, their fruit, their flower?

Here then is the key:—

This is devoted entirely to the furtherance of all branches of Natural Science falling under the tripartite division of Mechanical, Chemical, and Biological Philosophy are represented here, and during our walk about the building, we shall see that practical work is one of the chief characteristics of the place.

One more extract, and we have done. The author's general description of Oxford life is too good to be lost:—

The Head of every College and Hall has his house, or, as it is usually called, his Lodgings, in or attached to the College or Hall which he governs. These Lodgings are suitable to the high rank of those who inhabit them, and are capable of containing a handsome establishment. . . . Every Member who resides in his College or Hall has a bed-room, and at least one sitting-room. The apartments in some of the Colleges are very elegant; almost all the rooms are neat and comfortable. Those who have taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, or who are nearly of the standing for that degree, are, if the College overflows, permitted to have lodgings in the City. After dinner, the Fellows retire to their Common Rooms, which are in general very handsome apartments. Whatever might have been the case formerly, *drinking to excess* has long been unfashionable in Oxford. Those who wished to shine in their examinations, or who would avoid being *plucked*, must closely apply themselves to their studies; and this close application is incompatible with dissipation of any kind. This will account to strangers for the great order and decorum which prevail in Oxford even in full Term, when so many young men are assembled together.

And now, who is the *Guide* to whom we are so much indebted? May we make an attempt to penetrate the veil of our benefactor's incognito? There is one passage which surely only one man living can have written. Under each College is given a list of its great men, coming down to the present day. We will not say who, among living Oxford men, appear, and who do not. We would neither puff up the one class nor raise jealousy in the other. Only it may be that the specimen which we are going to quote may make those present in the list feel somewhat inclined to envy the absent. The long list of the worthies of Exeter College is wound up, as its climax, with this illustrious name—"Rev. F. C. Hingeston, poet and antiquary." Perhaps we know less than we ought of Mr. Hingeston's achievements either in the poetical or the antiquarian department. Alas! all that we do know is summed up in the one famous line—

Afra capella fuit que patris ossa tulit—

which, as we all know, when done into English, produces that beautiful union of poetical skill and antiquarian knowledge—

A she-goat's skin receives his father's bones.

Who is Mr. Hingeston's so fervent admirer? One admirer we know he has in high places, or the world would never have heard the name of the editor of *Capgrave* and *Illustrious Henries*. But we can hardly think that the Master of the Rolls can have found time for the composition of an Oxford *Guide*-book. And if not he, who is it? The alternative is painful, but it is unavoidable.

NAVAL GUNNERY.*

IT is now more than forty years since Sir Howard Douglas published his *Treatise on Naval Gunnery*. He was induced to undertake the work by observing how far, in the great war, the British navy had fallen short of the precision which was possible with the artillery then in use. In successive editions he has recorded the great progress made in the science and practice of gunnery, and has examined the claims of the various inventions of which this age has been so prolific. The edition of the present year discusses at considerable length the merits, so far as they had been tested at the time of its publication, of the Armstrong and Whitworth guns. Few persons will refuse to recognise the author as one of the highest authorities upon these questions; and as he has taken considerable pains to warn the public against what he deems pernicious fallacies, we shall endeavour to present to our readers a brief summary of his observations, so that they may have conveyed to them, in a short compass, some of the aid which Sir Howard Douglas's book affords for the understanding of a most important subject. It is needless to say, that at the author's age he is a good deal of a conservative in the science of which he has so long been master. On the other hand, the popular tendency is so strong towards inconsiderate innovation, and the number of costly failures of experiments begun under high hopes has now become so great, that we look upon the veteran artillerist as a useful drag upon that machine of public opinion which is so unceasingly driven by the newspapers.

The gentlemen who cannot sleep in their beds because the ships of the Channel fleet are not iron-plated, and their guns are not rifled, would perhaps derive some small consolation from the perusal of Sir Howard Douglas's remarks, but for the unfortunate fact that his work is dedicated to the Lords of the Admiralty, and has repeatedly received their high approval. Labouring under this disadvantage, our author may perhaps fail to command assent to his conclusion, that an extension of the range of cannon beyond five miles would not prove of any practical utility. Yet a reader neither prejudiced nor panic-struck—if any such there be—can scarcely fail to see that this conclusion is arrived at by the simple use of common sense. It follows that any gun which claims superiority over that of Sir William Armstrong on the score of range alone, puts forward a very

* *A Treatise on Naval Gunnery*. By General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.C.L., F.R.S. Fifth Edition, revised. London: Murray, 1860.

slight pretension. "The conditions which are chiefly conducive to an extended range are a small bore and a very lengthened projectile, but the more a projectile assumes the character of a bolt, the less suitable it becomes for a shell." It should be observed that the advocates of an extreme range have never yet explained at all satisfactorily what they intend to do with it when they have got it. Such explanation will, of course, be sought in vain in the pages of Sir Howard Douglas, who is a practical artillerist, chiefly conversant with ranges not exceeding three or four thousand yards. But it would seem that at such a distance as five miles it would be useless to take a smaller mark than a town, or a large fort, or a dockyard. To fire shot at a high elevation, so that it descends almost vertically and only strikes a single point, is nearly useless—at least, Sir Howard Douglas has been taught by a long life's experience to think it so—and it remains to be proved that the elongated projectile can be converted into an efficient shell. Both Sir William Armstrong and Mr. Whitworth assert that it can; but the former admits, and the latter cannot effectually deny, that, as the diameter of the projectile is diminished in proportion to its length, its value as a shell diminishes. It results from these considerations that, although Sir Howard Douglas admits the wonderful performances of Mr. Whitworth's gun, he does not find in them any conclusive proof of its efficiency, but the inclination of his opinion is the other way. He however insists, very correctly, on a full course of experiments as the only means of forming a satisfactory judgment; and, when we look at the enormous mass of details which his work contains of trials made with earlier inventions, we feel that it is at present premature to decide with any confidence upon the points raised by him. But his work has at least this value—that it will teach people that this, as well as most other questions, has two sides to it. The following passage well deserves attention:—

To project a bolt of iron of 3 lbs. weight from a gun whose calibre is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch, to a distance of 9000 or 10,000 yards, is a wonderful feat, and has been so regarded by the unskilled in the science and practice of gunnery—as if the question at issue were the distance to which a shot could be projected at elevations producing the maximum range. But this is not the subject of inquiry.

The thing wanted is a gun fully efficient for battle purposes of every description at small elevations. Ought anything essential to the efficiency of the gun to be sacrificed to the special and exceptional object of attaining the greatest possible range at the highest elevation? The experienced artillerist will answer that question in the negative. In Mr. Whitworth's small-calibred 80-pounder, Sir H. Douglas finds a sacrifice of efficiency in the inaptitude for shell-firing which he alleges against the gun. He says that it would be a great waste of projectile power to use any gun—by which he appears to mean any shot-gun—in the manner exhibited by Mr. Whitworth at Southport last February. The range of upwards of 9000 yards was obtained at 35° of elevation. "A 24-pounder gun, at its maximum potential elevation, would project its shot to the distance of 5180 yards; but no one ever imagined or heard in these days of so preposterous a misapplication of that very efficient shot-gun. No projectiles but shells should be used in vertical firing at high elevations." A shot projected to a distance of 9000 or 10,000 yards is utterly worthless; but a shell projected to that distance by a piece of ordnance of capacity sufficient for effective shell-firing, and exploding at the right moment, gives a prodigious power of bombardment. "Here the inferiority of the Whitworth 5 in. bore to that of the 7-in. Armstrong 80-pounder is obvious." The more the projectile is elongated, the less efficient will be the shell. It is not easy to bring oneself to doubt that this conclusion of Sir Howard Douglas is well founded. And, again, in considering the value of the projectile as a shot, he remarks with great justice that the principle of the small bore has been somewhat inconsiderately transferred from the musket to the cannon. "A very small clean hole made into or through the body of a man or of a horse, suffices; not so with respect to an aperture to be made in the body of a ship. The hole should be large and ragged." It must be observed, however, that Sir Howard Douglas admits in the fullest manner the great efficiency of Mr. Whitworth's gun in piercing wrought-iron plates. "We have seen with what force the flat-headed Whitworth shot punched, or rather gouged, by its rapid rotation, a hole in the iron plates." If iron-plated vessels are relied upon, as it appears they are, by other Powers as a new and formidable element of naval strength, it seems necessarily to follow that the British navy should be supplied with guns which are more capable than any other of penetrating this new defence. We have heard it stated that one shot from the Whitworth 80-pounder gun, two from the Armstrong gun of equal weight of shot, and three from the smooth-bore 68-pounder, are about equal in the destruction which they work upon the iron plates. But it must be remembered that against timber-ships the penetrating power of the rifled guns is at point-blank too great to do serious mischief, while at long ranges the new projectiles strike with the side instead of with the end, and thus, much of the force of the blow is lost. This objection applies equally to the Whitworth and the Armstrong gun, and therefore Sir Howard Douglas considers that rifled cannon should in general be used for shell rather than for shot; and, inasmuch as the Armstrong gun possesses at present the larger calibre, he concludes that, upon the whole, it is the more useful weapon. But still he wishes to see what Mr. Whitworth can do to adapt his guns for firing shell before

coming to a final determination. "This is a subject on which extensive trials should be made to ascertain the comparative merits of the rival guns, as well for horizontal shell-firing as for shot-firing."

There is, however, another serious defect in rifled cannon—they cannot be relied upon, like the smooth-bore guns, to make their shot ricochet truly in the line of fire. "There is no doubt that with elongated projectiles the advantage hitherto possessed by ricochet will be lost, as the shots usually turn off to the right." Our author considers this a very weighty reason for deliberation before arming ships extensively with rifled cannon. He notices a statement of Mr. Whitworth that his form of shot is superior to spherical projectiles for ricochet firing, and he delivers his own opinion, that it is "particularly ill-adapted" to that object. But he finds the same defect also in the Armstrong gun, and holds that "it must detract very greatly from the real service value" of rifled cannon. He admits that elongated shot possess a superiority over spherical projectiles, "on account of being less resisted by the air, and retaining more of their initial velocity than the latter," and also in respect of precision and of the lightness of the gun; and therefore he recommends their introduction into the naval service "as long-range guns within limits which render their obliquity to the trajectory immaterial." It is this increasing obliquity of the shot to the path in which it moves that causes it to strike, at long ranges, awkwardly and weakly, with its side towards the lower end instead of with its head. Our author thinks that in close action the smashing and ravaging effects and the large apertures made by spherical shot and shell fired from a gun of 8-inch calibre would be more formidable than any effects that could be produced by elongated shot. It is to be observed that Sir Howard Douglas still supposes fleets to be built of timber, and still contemplates the possibility of close action. For the reason last stated, and also because the new projectiles are not well adapted for ricochet firing, he considers that it would not be prudent to displace many of the solid-shot heavy guns from the broadside batteries of ships until some real experience has been obtained of the rifled cannon. But these cannon may be placed on revolving carriages on the upper decks, and may be gradually introduced into the broadsides when experience shall have justified that measure. It is also doubted by our author whether elongated shot will supplant spherical projectiles of large calibre for siege purposes. Breaches are not made by the penetrating power of the shot, but by the concussion caused by volleys fired with reduced charges.

It will perhaps be supposed that the further trials of the Whitworth guns at Southport, in July last, would have induced Sir Howard Douglas to modify some of his remarks, if he had had the results then obtained before him when he prepared the last edition of his work. It was certainly stated in some of the reports of those trials in the newspapers that the shot ricocheted "beautifully." But upon such a question none but a professional opinion can be of much value, and it remains to be seen what report has been or will be made to the authorities by the officers who witnessed the experiments. Shell as well as shot were fired on that occasion, and we observed in one of the reports a triumphant statement of this fact, as refuting a hostile assertion that Mr. Whitworth's guns could not fire shell. But it matters little what may have been said by those who did not understand the subject. What Sir Howard Douglas says is, that shells of such small calibre are inefficient, and nothing that was done at Southport bears upon this opinion. The enormous range of 10,300 yards obtained with the 12-pounder captivated the public mind, but the experienced artillerist would probably say of it, *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*. On the whole, it appears that Sir Howard Douglas is not likely to be induced to recommend the Whitworth gun for general service, but still he would give this and all other promising inventions fair and full trial, which is all that the inventors can desire.

We are far from taking upon ourselves to say that Sir Howard Douglas is right upon all these matters, or that he is wrong. But we do venture to protest against the senseless clamour which is raised about ships and projectiles, and against hurrying the Government into costly measures which may possibly turn out to be useless. We will refer to the book before us for the history of the Lancaster gun as a great example of the delusions into which the public, under the guidance of the newspapers, is apt to run. Time was when Mr. Lancaster's name was as great as Sir William Armstrong's or Mr. Whitworth's. It was given out that one or two of his guns would abolish Sebastopol forthwith. The public was prepared to believe almost any monstrous fiction of their success. There was just the same disposition as prevails now to attribute any official or professional doubt of the efficiency of new inventions to prejudice, or stupidity, or obstinacy. But it is now six years since the siege of Sebastopol was begun, and therefore our author will command attention when he says:—"Though executed at enormous cost, and equipped with their own peculiar shells (each wrought-iron shell is said to have cost twenty pounds), they have failed to accomplish on service the special purposes for which they were designed." It is probable that this result might have been predicted by Sir Howard Douglas, and it is certain that the prediction would have been disregarded. We are far from complaining of the trial of the Lancaster guns having been made, but we regret that unreasonable expectations should have ended in ridiculous disappointment. A more tranquil

method of discussing the science of gunnery would be conducive to the dignity, and not perhaps detrimental to the safety of the country, and would also be better adapted for the discovery of truth than frenzied correspondence in the newspapers. If only we could feel assured that these important questions would be considered with candour, freedom from prejudice, diligence and sagacity, by the Government, we should hear with tolerable composure that a further improvement in rifled cannon had been adopted by the French Emperor. Happily we do find, in the pages of Sir Howard Douglas, good reason for believing that the Admiralty has a capable adviser.

THE SEMI-ATTACHED COUPLE.*

THIS novel was written, as we learn from the preface, thirty years ago, and it is now published at the solicitation of some young friends of the authoress. The novel-reading public is considerably indebted to the judicious zeal of these young persons. It is true that they appear to have been influenced by a very erroneous notion that the story presented "a curious picture of old-fashioned society." There is nothing in the slightest degree old-fashioned about it; and, except that the people move on the highways instead of on railways, and that a borough election is made to last two days, there is not an allusion that would not suit 1860 as well as 1830. The advisers of the authoress might have been contented to urge a much more satisfactory reason for bringing the book to light. It is, perhaps, the only tale that has been written in Miss Austen's style of which Miss Austen need not have been ashamed. It is, indeed, free from the affectation of mimicry; and it is only because the writer really has in a minor degree the mental gifts of Miss Austen, and views life in a very similar light, that she constantly reminds us of the authoress of *Emma*. In two very important points she bears a resemblance to Miss Austen that is delightful to all who, in these days of highly wrought feeling, analytical dissection, and catechetical instruction, admire the works of the most charming, simple, and natural of female writers. She can conceive characters like those of Miss Austen, at once probable, interesting, and absurd. *Emma*, in the novel bearing her name, is the best creation that Miss Austen has given us in this line, and the same vein is worked with less nicety of touch in the representative of *Sensibility*, and is almost carried to the bounds of caricature in the heroine of *Northanger Abbey*. The authoress of the *Semi-Attached Couple* has also the art, which Miss Austen carried to perfection, of a sarcasm that was scarcely allowed to interrupt the easy flow of the narrative, and only played on the surface in one or two happily chosen words. It would be quite absurd to place the two writers on the same level, or to speak of the *Semi-Attached Couple* as rivalling Miss Austen. It is small and faint where Miss Austen is great and strong; but still it stands apart from the ruck of novels. It is marked by that peculiarity of mental gift which, when exhibited fully, we call genius, but for which we have no name when exhibited on a minor scale. It is very pleasant to read, but there is more in it than pleasantness. It is clever, but there is more in it than cleverness. There is that native power of handling imaginary characters which separates great novelists from small ones. This power is displayed in a very limited degree; but it is there, and its presence marks off the *Semi-Attached Couple* from the hundreds of novels that die every year as soon as their seaside circulation has paid for paper and print, and has provided the authoress with a tiny profit sufficient to make her think it a duty to gain money by writing.

The best characters in the book are a Mrs. Douglas and her daughter Eliza. Both the mother and the daughter are conceptions worthy of Miss Austen. Mrs. Douglas is a confirmed grumbler, delighting in depreciating her neighbours. Lady Eskdale is her nearest neighbour, and Lady Eskdale has succeeded in marrying off all her daughters. Mrs. Douglas takes a gloomy view of these marriages, and thinks that poor Lady Eskdale grows very old under her troubles. The kind of friendship that united these ladies is admirably described. They had their babies at the same time, and they had their children to educate at the same time, and thus they grew into confidential intercourse. A governess was wanted at each establishment, and the two mothers took counsel whether it was best to have a highly accomplished French governess, or a poor clergyman's daughter, or a respectable young ignorant woman. This division of governesses is quite a touch in Miss Austen's style. It seems like a plain statement of ordinary fact, and so it is, for no division could be more accurate; and the comparative advantages of the three classes are a source of anxiety to many mothers; but there is much quiet fun in making the division. The subsequent relations of the two mothers are described equally well. The period of reclining-boards and dumb-bells was the flourishing age of the Eskdale and Douglas friendship. After that it gradually declined. There was a slight revival when the two ladies entered into a confederacy against an exorbitant drawing-master, but he was shortly reduced to terms, "and all further community of interests on the subject of accomplishments ceased." The intercourse becomes very cold and formal until the youngest daughter of Lady Eskdale is going to be married and asks Eliza Douglas to be her bridesmaid. Eliza is

delighted to go from a dull home to so gay a place as Eskdale Castle, and, after the marriage, she pays another visit, which leads to her meeting with the most languid of dandies. She falls in love with him, and he condescends to let himself be loved. Perhaps most novelists could rise to the level of thinking of such a pair of lovers, but they would be obliged to discard the notion at once, for evidently the whole drawing of the characters and the fun intended to be elicited by the contrast they present must be worked out in dialogue, and dialogue is very hard to write. A character like that of Eliza Douglas—ardent, silly, and yet shrewd—is either inexpressibly faint and uninviting, or it is clothed with pleasantness, life, and probability by the skill of the writer. Let any one who wants to know why a good novel is hard to write try to imagine what he would make an enthusiastic, unsophisticated girl say to a lazy Guardsman whom she more than admired, so that she should draw out her character and his own, and yet remain ladylike and respectable. We know how Miss Austen could have done it; and in the *Semi-Attached Couple* we may see how it is done by a writer that deserves to rank as one of Miss Austen's school.

There is also a secondary character, a certain Lady Portmore, that reminds us of some of the secondary characters in Miss Austen. This Lady Portmore has the peculiarity of thinking that she is everybody's *confidante*, that she is in every secret, and has always prophesied whatever happens. Her extravagance borders on caricature, and she would be offensive if there were too much of her. But she occupies a place like that of Mrs. Jennings in *Sense and Sensibility*, and of Aunt Norris in *Mansfield Park*. She only comes in with her strong peculiarities every now and then, and the exaggeration of peculiarity in her makes the minor specialities of character in the other and more attractive characters pass off more easily. To preserve the gradation in the peculiarity of different characters is often beyond the reach of the novelist. To hit off a character which for ever introduces the distinguishing signs by which it is marked is not very difficult; and it has become a custom with some novelists to choose some very arbitrary and accidental sign and obtrude it as the substitute for all further delineation of character. On the other hand, the imaginary persons who are supposed to conciliate the good-will and attract the sympathy of the reader have no distinguishing marks at all. Colourless heroes and heroines, moving among groups of attendants wearing each one staring peculiarity, either of body or mind, stuck on them like a scarlet or yellow cockade, supply the framework of many novels which attain success. But Miss Austen went far beyond this in drawing character. She could graduate the peculiarities that attached to the persons introduced in her stories. Her heroines are distinguished by some salient traits of character which give them life and animation and reality, but which are never suffered to make the reader suppose that peculiarity of any sort was the chief attribute of their disposition or behaviour. In her minor characters, however, a greater degree of peculiarity is sometimes observable, although the mistake of introducing persons that only exist to show off some special absurdity is almost always avoided. There is the same gradation preserved in the *Semi-Attached Couple*, and thus a degree of naturalness is attained which helps the effect produced by the style of the authoress and the spirit of the dialogue.

At any rate, the book is good enough to make us ask ourselves why it falls short of Miss Austen. There are many passages which Miss Austen might have written; and Mrs. Douglas at least, is a character that Miss Austen would have delighted to draw. Perhaps the real difference lies in the quantity of the good matter the two writers have to put in. The author of the *Semi-Attached Couple* only gives a fraction of what Miss Austen would have given. True genius can continue its creations—it can pour out masses of matter cast in the same mould. A writer of kindred and minor gifts stops short from mere want of prolific and exuberant force. In the *Semi-Attached Couple*, Eliza Douglas comes in very little, and her history is soon over. Miss Austen would have given us ten times as much, and interested us in proportion. There is a poverty about the minor writer, and a timidity which, when she is doing well, makes her fly off to try something easier. Miss Austen can go on, and sustain the character she is handling, through scene after scene. The consequence of this poverty is that a great part of the *Semi-Attached Couple* is utterly commonplace. There is a story of the quarrels of a wife and husband to which the reader is quite indifferent; and several characters are introduced, make love, marry or fail to marry, and are drawn in such a hasty and sketchy way that they only embarrass the story, although they fulfil the desired object of taking up space. The whole tale is very slight, and thus at once separates it from the tales of great novelists. But still we must repeat that it is equally separated from the common run of novels. Its merits, though limited, are genuine; and it approaches too nearly to the confines of a work of genius to be easily forgotten when it has once been read.

WALTER OF MERTON.*

THE old collegiate reverence for the memory of founders and benefactors seems, in spite of all changes, to flourish as strongly as ever. And, though it is a feeling which may easily

* *The Semi-attached Couple*. By the Author of "The Semi-detached House." London: Bentley, 1860.

* *Sketch of the Life of Walter de Merton*. By Edmund, Bishop of Nelson. Oxford and London: J. H. and J. Park.

degenerate into a blind superstition, it is in itself a good and elevating one. It is one which could only exist in an old historical country like England, where our institutions are the growth of ages, and where our academical institutions so remarkably express the old national spirit. Each of our ancient Universities—each of the colleges which they contain—is a distinct protest against centralization; and every man who contributed to raise such a protest has fairly won the respect of posterity. The reverence with which founders are still regarded is seldom or never misplaced—never, perhaps, except when you now and then hear a Christ Church man apply the words “munificent founder” to the spoiler of Osney Abbey and Cardinal College. The founders of colleges were among the best and wisest men of their time. Anybody could give to a monastery—any wealthy sinner, in a fit of remorse, could grant away a few manors whose loss he hardly felt, and whose sacrifice was to release him from so many years of purgatory. But to found an academical college betokened a real liberality—a wise and discerning benevolence—which did not fall to the lot of every man. On the list of founders, then, we are not surprised to find some of the noblest names in English history. And it is no more than we should expect, to find a very large number of them belonging to that class of ecclesiastical statesmen—those episcopal Chancellors and Treasurers—whose position was the natural result of the circumstances of the country at that time. And first in order of time—and for that very reason, first in everything else—comes the subject of Bishop Hobhouse's sketch, Walter of Merton, Bishop of Rochester, Chancellor of England, and founder of Merton College in Oxford.

Bishop Hobhouse, till he was removed to a New Zealand diocese, was a Fellow of Merton, and vicar of that parish of St. Peter's in Oxford which was one of the oldest possessions of the College, and whose incumbents have of late years acquired a sort of prescriptive claim to the episcopal dignity. He seems to have been gradually collecting materials for a life of his founder, which his translation to such widely different duties has compelled him to give up the hope of completing. He has therefore put forth what he modestly calls a sketch, pointing out where information is to be found, in the hope that some one else who has benefited by the bounty of Walter of Merton may be found to work them into the form of a regular biography.

Walter of Merton attracts a more especial interest—being, as we have said, the earliest on the roll of founders. That is to say, he was the first who established a college, as we now understand the word, in anything like a perfect shape. The first endowments of University and Balliol are older, but it was only gradually that either of them reached the full proportions of a college. But Walter of Merton, though he modified his design more than once during his lifetime, yet before his death left a complete and perfect college—a brotherhood of academical scholars, with their house, their chapel, their corporate organization, their ecclesiastical patronage, and all that an academical college is commonly expected to imply. The man who first did this was no small benefactor to his country and to mankind. It required no small discernment and strength of mind to carry out so new a design. The great object of Walter of Merton, according to Bishop Hobhouse, was to provide for the education of the secular clergy. We do not know how far any of the many lay fellows of Merton might be tempted to dispute this, but doubtless they would be quite ready to join in their founder's practical protest against monasticism. This is a point which should be well understood, as so many people confound colleges, both in the Universities and elsewhere, with monastic institutions. The colleges, with one or two special exceptions, were essentially secular. To take monastic vows vacated a fellowship no less than to take conjugal vows. In Walter's time the influence of the monastic orders was at its height in Oxford. The new-born zeal of the Franciscans and other lately founded orders had taken a learned direction, and the friars had become the most popular of academical teachers. We may estimate their importance by the position of Adam de Marisco, the friend, correspondent, and adviser of such men as Earl Simon de Montfort and Bishop Robert Grosseteste. Walter himself most likely studied under him. He was ordained sub-deacon by Bishop Robert, and took with him a recommendatory letter from Friar Adam to another friar, “A. de Bechesoveres,” who would seem to have been in some position of influence about the “Lord of Lincoln.” Walter, however, himself, as a secular priest, seems to have grudged the regulars their ascendancy, fairly gained as it was, and designed his college specially to promote the study of theology among the secular priesthood.

All that we know of Bishop Walter speaks as favourably of his personal character as his works do of his wisdom and munificence. As a follower and minister of Henry III., we find him, indeed, on the wrong side in politics; but he stands charged with no special offence against the patriotic party. Indeed, he rather appears in the character of a peacemaker, and he even seems to have got grants of confiscated lands for the purpose of restoring them to their owners. That he was gorged with incongruous pluralities is no more than we must look for in any successful churchman in his generation, or indeed in any generation down to our own. And we cannot but regret that so large a portion of the endowment of his college was derived from the spoil of sometimes distant parishes in the form of appropriations. These are both the vices of the age. We should admire a man who was free from them, but we hardly venture to blame a man who was not; and we are glad to find that among all his cares, eccle-

siastical and civil, Bishop Walter preserved a most tender and thoughtful care of all who had any claim on him by birth. This is evident both in many acts of his life, and especially by his will. As one who, besides his rich preferment, seems to have made a fortune in earlier life by practising as a canon lawyer, he could provide for his own without any unworthy nepotism. His own bishopric, a very poor one, instead of pillaging, he increased out of his private means.

We will conclude with an extract from Bishop Hobhouse's graceful dedication to the Warden, Dr. Marsham. The Bishop looks on himself, in his distant diocese, as still carrying out one intention of the founder:—

He fully intended (herein differencing his colleges from the religious bodies which bound their members to conventual duties for life) that his scholars should carry forth, in *profectum Ecclesie*, the blessings of Christian truth and discipline from the walls where he had nurtured them for awhile in godliness and good learning; nor was the mission-field either absent from his mind or alien from his purpose. The recovery of the lost domains of Christendom was the only form in which the high Christian duty of the propagation of the Gospel presented itself as feasible; and in this form our Founder showed his readiness to embrace and fulfil that duty. In his statutes he allows his college to contract the number of fellowships, on account of a *subsidiium terra sancta*; in his will he left a bequest for the purpose of sending a *bonus vir* to the crusades. Such zeal for the propagation of the faith, had it lived in the nineteenth instead of the thirteenth century, would have rejoiced in the extension of our Colonial Churches, and the continual enlargement of the missionary field by conquest far less costly and far more fruitful than our Founder's legatees was ever destined to witness.

RUSKIN'S MODERN PAINTERS.

Second Notice.

THE third part of Mr. Ruskin's treatise deals with the relation of art to God and to man—“its work,” to use his own expression, “in the help of human beings and service of their Creator.” In simpler language, Mr. Ruskin now proceeds to consider the technical manner and style of painting, which he calls *Invention Formal*, and then the expressional aim and moral teaching of art, which he calls *Invention Spiritual*. The link of thought between this writer's subject-matter and the inflated titles under which he sub-divides it is often difficult to grasp. This affectation is rampant in the present volume. Thus the obvious necessity that, in a good composition, each part should be in due proportion and relation to the rest, is expressed by the bombastic phrase, “The Law of Help;” and the comparison of various styles of landscape painting is conducted under the fanciful headings of “The Dark Mirror,” “The Lance of Pallas,” “The Nereid's Guard,” and the like.

Mr. Ruskin is sometimes happy in his nicknames. The title of the “Pathetic School,” which he invents, though without meaning any mischief by it, for his own followers among the more rigid præ-Raffaellites, might well stick to them. With a certain ingratitude—of which we gave other instances in our former notice—he now complains that these artists are “destitute of the power of feeling vastness.” Having obeyed him in a slavish devotion to accuracy of detail, these painters are now taunted with “liking furze, fern, reeds, straw, stubble, dead leaves, and such like, better than strong stones, broad, flowing leaves, or rounded hills.” “In all such greater things,” he continues, “when forced to paint them, they missed the main and mighty lines; and this no less in what they loved than in what they disliked; for, though fond of foliage, their trees always had a tendency to congeal into little acicular thorn hedges, and never tossed free. Which modes of choice proceed naturally from a petulant sympathy with local and immediately visible interests or sorrows, not regarding their large consequences, nor capable of understanding more massive view, or more deeply-deliberate mercifulness”—whatever that may mean—“but peevish and horror-struck, and often incapable of self-control, though not of self-sacrifice.” We hope Mr. Ruskin's followers will comprehend and profit by this scolding.

The concluding chapters, in which Mr. Ruskin sums up, as it were, the characteristic merits or faults of various schools of art, are of peculiar interest, in spite of all his affectations and exaggerations. It is characteristic that he disputes the utility of landscape-painting at all; and he is not satisfied without proposing an arbitrary classification of all existing landscape under the heads of Heroic, Classical, Pastoral, Contemplative, and the spurious forms of Picturesque and Hybrid. We do him the justice, however, of admitting the full truth of what he here urges in defence of his own speciality in all his writings—namely, that he has always perceived and acted upon the great truth that all art is worthless which is not connected inseparably with human interests. It is the emotion or passion of man which is the root and source of all living and noble art. This is expressed very powerfully, though somewhat transcendently, in the pages before us. We quote the concluding paragraph:—

Therefore it is that all the power of nature depends on subjection to the human soul. Man is the sun of the world; more than the real sun. The fire of his wonderful heart is the only light and heat worth gauge or measure. Where he is are the tropics: where he is not, the ice-world.

There is great ingenuity and much “insight” in Mr. Ruskin's speculations as to the hidden meaning of the old Greek mythology, and he applies his fanciful, but often beautiful, theories to unlock the secret of classical art. In the highest Greek art, and in that of the great Venetians, our author discerns the resolution of the mind of man, by courage and faith, “to conquer evil and

rise into conceptions of victorious and consummated beauty." Northern art, on the other hand, as represented by Holbein and Durer, is described as unable to conquer evil, but as remaining in strong though melancholy war with it. Conquered by evil is the sensualistic art of Salvator; and the ruin of all good art is manifested in the later schools in which mere pleasure, and not the contest with evil, is the end and object of the painter. Our modern landscape—the Contemplative—is either noble or ignoble as it ranks itself with these opposite schools. The contrast between Greek art and that of Venice, and the distinction between the latter school of painters and those of other parts of Italy, are worked out, if not convincingly, yet suggestively and instructively. Mr. Ruskin has devoted extraordinary pains to the investigation of the sources and conditions of success of his favourite Venetian art. He finds in the Heroic landscape of that school the counterpart of the national temperament, as affected by the political and geographical and religious accidents of their position. And he repeats his assertion, that the painters of Venice were "the last believing school in Italy." Here, perhaps, his hobby has run away with him. He feels himself obliged to defend Titian from the charge of sensualism, and Veronese from that of irreverence in handling sacred subjects. The answer is amusing. Titian's is "good sensualism," he says. Assuming Titian to be a good and great man, his paintings cannot be immoral, and *vice versa*. "Be assured," he argues, as a gloss on the Scriptural text about gathering grapes from a bramble bush, "first, that, if it were bramble from which you gathered them, these are not grapes in your hand, though they look like grapes. Or, if these are indeed grapes, it was no bramble you gathered them from, though it looked like one." The excuse for Veronese is altogether better; and we find in it a very good summary of the characteristics of his style:—

These instances are enough to explain the general character of the mind of Veronese, capable of tragic power to the utmost if he chooses to exert it in that direction, but, by habitual preference, exquisitely graceful and playful; religious without severity and winningly noble; delighting in slight, sweet, every-day incident, but hiding deep meanings underneath it; rarely painting a gloomy subject, and never a base one.

The sudden collapse of the great Venetian school remains a mystery to Mr. Ruskin. But he attempts to account for the general decline of art throughout Europe in a new and rather striking way. He attributes it to the great moral convulsion of the Reformation. The old faith had been rudely broken, and in the fierce conflict of opinion that ensued, the tranquillity of mind necessary for the successful pursuit of art was no longer attainable. Hence, the majority of artists recoiled from such subjects as would bring them face to face with the distracting controversies of the day, and gave themselves up to feeble infidelity or effeminate luxury. "The religious school, after a few pale rays of fading sanctity from Guido, and brown gleams of gipsy Madonna-hood from Murillo, came utterly to an end." But, in Germany, Holbein and Albert Durer, and, later, Salvator Rosa, in Italy, stood firm amidst the general decline. Between these artists—their antecedents, their labours, and their results—Mr. Ruskin institutes a very powerful comparison. He adopts Michelet's epithet, *Ce damné Salvator*, though he translates it in the more merciful sense—"That condemned Salvator"—and sees in that artist the last traces of spiritual life in the art of Europe. All his greatest successors—Rubens, Rembrandt, Reynolds—were of the earth, earthy; but Salvator had higher capacities and aspirations, which issued, however, in nothing but despair. Durer, however, though he passed through the same struggle, held his ground manfully, if he did not conquer. And this is the key, in Mr. Ruskin's opinion, to his mysterious picture of the "Knight and Death." All this is eloquently enough expounded, and opens the way for the author's final conclusion that to his native England is reserved the crowning disgrace of utter faithlessness and irremediable degradation. At this climax, however, we have not yet arrived in the due order of the Treatise.

Proceeding onwards, we come to an examination of the characteristics of the Classical school of landscape, as typified by Claude and Poussin, which is very clever and amusing. Our author does more justice to Claude in his final summing up of that painter's place in art than might have been expected from some former criticisms. There is much humour in the following description of his *St. George and the Dragon*:—

The scene is a beautiful opening in woods by a riverside, a pleasant fountain springs on the right, and the usual rich vegetation covers the foreground. The dragon is about the size of ten bramble-leaves, and is being killed by the remains of a lance, barely the thickness of a walking-stick, in his throat, curling his tail in a highly offensive and threatening manner. St. George, notwithstanding, on a prancing horse, brandishes his sword, at about thirty yards' distance from the offensive animal. A semicircular shelf of rock encircles the foreground, by which the theatre of action is divided into pit and boxes. Some women and children having descended unadvisedly into the pit, are helping each other out of it again, with marked precipitation. A prudent person of rank has taken a front seat in the boxes, crosses his legs, leans his head on his hand, and contemplates the proceedings with the air of a connoisseur. Two attendants stand in graceful attitudes behind him, and two more walk away under the trees, conversing on general subjects.

The next chapter, on Rubens and Cuyp, opens with a repetition of the author's theory of the decline of art as consequent upon the Reformation. He traces the development of what he calls "the faithless and materialized mind of modern Europe—ending in the rationalism of Germany, the polite formalism of England, the careless blasphemy of France, and the helpless sensualities of Italy." But he looks forward to the future

growth of "a Christian Church, which shall depend neither on ignorance for its continuance nor on controversy for its progress, but shall reign at once in light and love." So far as criticism goes, Mr. Ruskin has never been more forcible, or, upon the whole, more fair, than in his masterly analysis of the mind and manner of Rubens, Rembrandt, and Vandyck. The Dutch school of *genre* and landscape meets, perhaps, rather less justice at his hands than it deserves for at least its mechanical skill. Still he allows that Paul Potter could paint wool and cowhide, and that Cuyp, the brewer, could give the effect of a summer afternoon. After an episodic essay on Vulgarism—too trenchant, perhaps, but full of useful thoughts—our author descends to the lowest depths of the *bambocciate* of Teniers, and the "Hybrid" landscape of Wouvermans and Berghem. With the unspiritual, carnal, or "deathful" school of Holland are contrasted typical examples of the Purist spiritualism of Angelico in the Madonna of the Annunciation, the nervous force of Albert Durer in an effigy of a bishop, and finally, the perfection of Venetian art in a sketch from a perishing fresco by Giorgione, which he calls, not very intelligibly, the *Hesperid Ægle*.

If the parallel between Giorgione, Mr. Ruskin's ideal painter in ancient art, and Turner, his chief hero in modern times, as it is drawn out in the chapter called "The Two Boyhoods," were more truthful and moderate, it would be far more striking than it is. But our sense of justice revolts at the unfairness with which modern England is treated in comparison with the Venice of the sixteenth century. However, let us hear our author's description of the home of Giorgione:—

A city of marble, did I say? Nay, rather a golden city paved with emerald. For truly every pinnacle and turret glanced and gloved, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea, the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as her pillars of alabaster stood her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow, all noble, walked her knights; the low-tronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armour shot angrily under their blood-red mantle-folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable,—every word a fate—sate her Senate. In hope and honour, lulled by flowing of wave around their isles of sacred sand, each with his name written and the cross graved at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of world. Rather, itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters no larger, as its captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass away; but for its power it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this a great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness, no tumult, in those tremulous streets, that filled, or fell, beneath the moon; but rippled music of majestic change, or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them; no low-roofed cottage, nor straw-built shed. Only the strength of rock, and the finished setting of stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters, proudly pure; as not the flower, so neither the thorn nor the thistle, could grow in the glancing fields. Ethereal strength of Alps, dreamlike, vanishing in high procession beyond the Torcelian shore; blue islands of Paduan hills, poised in the golden west. Above, free winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will;—brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and the morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea.

With this picture comparison should have been made of the contemporary London, and not of Hand-court, Maiden-lane, Covent-garden, where Turner was born, as it was at the end of the last century. However, as a matter of description, Mr. Ruskin's companion sketch of the dirt and sordidness and gloom of the banks of the Thames is vivid enough. No less unfair is the comparison of Venice and London in the matter of religion. It is assumed, on the one hand, that Giorgione was a man of piety; and England is abused as being responsible for Turner's admitted irreligion. After all, we shall each be judged according to our opportunities and responsibilities; and it is a strange kind of faith which acquits a man of all individual blame because he may have been born or bred amidst unfavourable circumstances. There was vice enough in the Venice of Giorgione, however beautiful its climate or architecture may have been; and Turner might have found good even in the murky and red-brick London of the last century. But it is necessary for Mr. Ruskin's theory to account for, and to justify, Turner's enigmatical character. So he makes him out to be "the painter of the strength of nature," because no other beauty, moral or spiritual, ever came under his notice; and, as to humanity, it is only the labour and sorrow and death of man that Turner, faithless and irreligious, could recognise as a truth about his fellow-creatures. Here is part of the description of "the English Death"—that is, the life of modern manufacturing England:—

The life trampled out in the slime of the street, crushed to dust amidst the roaring of the wheel, tossed countless away into howling winter wind along five hundred leagues of rock-fanged shore. Or, worst of all, rotted down to forgotten graves through years of ignorant patience, and vain seeking for help from man, for hope in God—infirm, imperfect yearning, as of motherless infants starving at the dawn; oppressed royalties of captive thoughts, vague ague-fits of bleak, amazed despair.

And again:—

Death, not of myriads of poor bodies only, but of will and mercy and conscience; death, not once inflicted on the flesh, but daily fastening on the spirit; death, not silent or patient, waiting his appointed hour, but voiceless, venomous; death with the taunting word, and burning grasp, and infixed stinging.

Turner's picture of the "Garden of the Hesperides" is interpreted by Mr. Ruskin as the painter's typical "exponent of our English faith;" and the dragon, the "Nereid's Guard," is made out to be "our British Madonna, the chief worship which lay at the nation's heart." This far-fetched and absurd conclusion is

supported, of course, by the aid of our author's peculiar doctrines of political economy, which have been more than once noticed in these pages. To Mr. Ruskin's mind, the organized labour of a civilized community is the mere worship of Mammon or the Dragon. Machinery is devilish, and railroads are abominable, because they destroy natural beauty. England, in particular, has become "the offscourer of the earth." "Every kind of sordid, foul, or venomous work which in other countries men dreaded or disdained, it has become England's duty to do." The remedy, if any, for this evil, is to be found, according to this teacher, in "the right economy of labour"—that is, a practical socialism, regulated by a paternal despotism. But on this topic we will not here enter. The general conclusion of Mr. Ruskin's work is that the mission of Turner, so to say, was to embody in his immortal art this degradation and death of English society, religion, and civilization. Toil, sorrow, ruin, death without hope and without faith—such is the key to Turner's mind and works. But the fault, after all, is not his own, but that of his country. England, it is argued, gave him disdain instead of help and love. "So far as in it lay, this century has caused every one of its great men, whose hearts were kindest, and whose spirits most perceptive of the work of God, to die without hope—Scott, Keats, Byron, Shelley, Turner. Great England, of the Iron-heart now, not of the Lion-heart; for these souls of her children an account may perhaps be one day required of her." If this is the conclusion of the whole matter of the *Modern Painters*, we must say that it is a lame and impotent one.

THE TOMMIEBEG SHOOTINGS.*

THE question what kind of writing is capable of being carried to the greatest pitch of imperfection is a very wide one, and opens up quite a field of speculation to an ingenious and reflective mind. What is our conception of the worst book in the world? Or, making the same allowance for Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* at one end of the list, that we make for Shakspeare and the *Pilgrim's Progress* at the other, what is our conception of the worst book in the world but one? There are several kinds whose various claims to pre-eminant depravity are undeniable. Really bad poetry, especially bad poetry in blank verse, comes very high upon the roll. On the other hand, a thoroughly objectionable and vulgar man may make himself excessively disagreeable in religious biography. Brilliant comic writing, again, in the hands of some authors, may be rendered almost intolerable. An uneducated person might go to great lengths in sentimental romance. But which of all these classes of literary misdemeanour may be made the instrument of inflicting most torture on one's fellow-creatures it is difficult to say without consideration. Obviously, if a work could be discovered combining the characteristic vices of each, it would have a right to call itself the worst book in the world but one. We are inclined to think that such a book might be found, though it is impossible on such a subject to speak with too much humility. Surely it might be said that a bad sporting novel unites most of the objectionable qualities of all the above classes. A good sporting novel is a capital kind of thing, especially for those who like hunting, shooting, or fishing; but it is impossible to speak of a bad one without using language which would perhaps appear extreme. For, first of all, like inferior religious biographies, it is always familiarly and vulgarly obtrusive; secondly, like bad poetry, it is every now and then detestably sentimental; thirdly, like bad comic writing, it is insufferably jocose; and lastly, like bad romances, it introduces us to a kind of love-making which is a libel on the human heart, and to young ladies in country houses of whom it is impossible to think without a shudder.

The *Tommiebeg Shootings* is a fair specimen of a bad sporting novel. But why, it will be asked, have we thought it right to attract the attention of our readers to this particular novel? The answer is, that there is one thing about the *Tommiebeg Shootings* that leads up to a valuable train of thought. This is its cover. It is bound in a sort of shepherds'-plaid pattern. This seems to indicate that the publishers have brought it out with a distinct purpose, and with a tacit reference to the heather moors of the North. Now, if men of business bring out a book in shepherds'-plaid, it must be because there are some people who are peculiarly likely to buy books in shepherds'-plaid. A shepherds'-plaid binding is accordingly a type of a certain kind of book written for a certain kind of readers. Next, it may be argued that the *Tommiebeg Shootings* is an average specimen of the shepherds'-plaid class, for this reason. If persons who were in the habit of buying shepherds'-plaid books, after perusing the *Tommiebeg Shootings*, found it to be much inferior to the shepherds'-plaid books that they had read before, their confidence in shepherds'-plaid would be shaken. Very probably they would cease to be anxious to purchase shepherds'-plaid in future. Thus the publishers would be cutting their own throats, for although they might have been gainers by the amount realized on this one book, in consequence of its having been passed off as true shepherds' plaid, their unwise experiment would ultimately have a tendency to make shepherds'-plaid patterns fall in the market.

If the above reasoning be correct, it is clear that there are a large number of people who travel by railway in August and September to whom, strange as it may seem, the *Tommiebeg*

Shootings is calculated to be acceptable. At first sight it might appear that they were obviously the servants of Scotch sportsmen travelling to the North. After mature reflection we are bound to say that this view appears to us untenable. The *Tommiebeg Shootings* is five shillings a copy. This price appears to place it above the hands of the class in question. But as it is more than usually vulgar and more than usually deficient in interest of a sporting nature, for whom can it be meant? By a logical process of exhaustion we arrive at the result. It is either designed for very stupid people who are not sportsmen, but who would like to be thought to be, or for people who are rather stupid, and only moderately fond of field sports, or for the class of intellectuals we are about to describe. August is the time of year when private schools reopen. A large number of young gentlemen then travel daily by the rail. The price of the book—five shillings—is eminently adapted to the state of their purses upon leaving home at the end of the vacation. One difficulty yet remains. Why the shepherds'-plaid pattern? This is a question not only extremely easy of solution, but the pattern itself is in reality the last link in the chain of evidence as to the class for whom the novel is designed. The *Tommiebeg Shootings* is written for young Scotch gentlemen who are returning to school in England about the time of grouse shooting. Its appearance is a proof of a juvenile immigration from the north of the Tweed. It shows that young plaid-loving clans are making their way southward to benefit by an English education, in such numbers as to have attracted the attention of the author of the *Tommiebeg Shootings*. This is a very pleasant thought. It holds out the prospect of a brilliant future for the rising Scotch generation, and goes some little way towards compensating the reader for the discomfort of perusing the *Tommiebeg Shootings*, and tracking Mr. Thomas Jeans's wild career through four hundred pages.

The adventures of some young gentleman who has not had the advantage of seeing the world, form a pleasing theme for most bad writers of fiction. Seeing the world may be said to consist of two kinds of experience, as far as sporting novels are concerned. First, it involves living long enough with card-sharpping captains and match-making fathers to be up to their manoeuvres. Secondly, it implies the fixed habit of hitting snipe and woodcock whenever you fire at them. Hairbreadth escapes from the perils of *écarté*, and from marriageable young ladies, are common occurrences in books of this sort. It is one of the really valuable features in a bad sporting novel, that it puts these dangers forcibly before the public. Only very stupid people are accustomed to read this kind of literary production. But then only very stupid people are in the habit of playing *écarté* with blacklegs. It is clear, therefore, that the very class most likely to read the bad sporting novel is the very class most likely to be victimized by the blackleg. It is a great thing that they should be warned of their danger. None but the authors of thoroughly worthless books can have access to these silly people. Yet we do not wish to see these silly people ruined. We are thankful, accordingly, to any one who is capable of writing down to their level, and who is willing to use his influence for their good. Perhaps the *Tommiebeg Shootings* may fall into the hands of some one who, but for its timely hints, might at some future period of his life have been hurried into bad society by an intemperate passion for thimble-rig, or have taken a professional rook and bully to travel with him as his confidant upon the Continent, or in the north.

A knowledge of the world, according to this class of writers, consists, secondly, in a knowledge of the use of fire-arms. It is quite a curious thought, how many of one's fellow-creatures one can amuse by telling them that Smith or Jones, the first time he went out shooting, put the shot into his gun before the powder. The fact is, that the occurrence is neither very grossly comic, nor very grossly improbable. Nobody can by any possibility know how to load until he has been shown. If a man is not shown until late in life, he cannot be expected to know until late in life. No doubt some of the stories we have heard in youth that bear on this subject are passably diverting. We think, for example, that we rather like the story of the two Liverpool merchants, who hired a moor for a long lease, and took down guns, dogs, and fishing-tackle enough to last them for several years. On the morning after their arrival, they got up very early to begin business. Unfortunately, as bad luck would have it, at the very first discharge one of them killed the other. But there is nothing so extravagantly humorous in the fact that a young gentleman of the name of Fribbles is no judge of the merits of a pointer, or misses his first twenty shots upon the heather. Making a very bad shot is, after all, not so very much more ludicrous than writing a very stupid sporting novel. The last bores everybody, and we cannot help thinking that it must bore the author himself beyond expression. But the bad shot, if he is shooting by himself, bores nobody, not even the grouse.

The shepherd-plaid dodge in literature is growing quite a nuisance. The *Tommiebeg Shootings* is one out of a hundred similar abominations written to order for the summer and autumn months, and got up in summer and autumn binding. A man who knows perhaps a little about shooting and fishing is set to write down the best book he can against the 12th of August. He puts in 100 pages of river and of grouse, and 300 more of young ladies, maniacs, muffs, swell captains, benevolent noblemen, and steamboat excursions. He shakes them all together, has the whole bound in a "grody" covering, illustrates it with

* The *Tommiebeg Shootings*; or a Moor in Scotland. By Thomas Jeans. London and New York: Routledge and Co. 1860.

two "grassy" pictures, and is pleased to call it a work of fiction. We read it through, and we devoutly wish that all the young ladies had been compelled to marry the maniacs, that the fast military men had put an end to all the benevolent noblemen, that the muffs had fired off their guns by accident at all the military men, and that the survivors, with the author in the middle, had been blown up together in the last of the steamboats.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART. Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

In consequence of numerous applications from persons desirous of completing their sets of the *Saturday Review*, all the early Numbers have been reprinted; and the Publisher is now able to deliver single copies of each number from the commencement, at 6d. each copy, unstamped. He is also prepared to supply entire volumes as under:—

Vol. I.	cloth lettered, price 16s. 0d., or half-bound, 19s. 0d.	
" II.	" " " 20s. 6d.	23s. 6d.
" III.	" " " 16s. 0d.	19s. 0d.
" IV.	" " " 16s. 0d.	19s. 0d.
" V.	" " " 16s. 0d.	19s. 0d.
" VI.	" " " 16s. 0d.	19s. 0d.
" VII.	" " " 16s. 0d.	19s. 0d.
" VIII.	" " " 16s. 0d.	19s. 0d.
" IX.	" " " 16s. 0d.	19s. 0d.

Cases for Binding, price 2s.

Reading Cases, to contain single copies, price 1s. 3d. and 1s. 6d.

Also, Pocket Reading Cases, price 2s. each.

London: Published at 39, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—CLARA NOVELLO'S FAREWELL TOUR.—Two Performances on a large scale, of the CREATION and MESSIAH, will take place in the Handel Orchestra, on Wednesday, 30th, and Saturday, 29th September. The Band will comprise the principal Performers of the Norwich and Worcester Festivals, the Band of the Crystal Palace Company, and numerous Additions, Professional and Amateur. The Chorus will comprise numbers of most of the Choral Societies of the Metropolis, forming in all an Orchestra of about Two Thousand Performers. Principal Vocalists.—Madame CLARA NOVELLO, Madame SAINTON-DOLBY, Mr. WILBY COOPER, and Mr. SARTLEY. Conductor, Mr. HENDRICK. Tickets of admission, Half-a-Crown each; Reserved Seats, arranged in blocks as at the Handel Festival, Half-a-Crown extra for each day; or a Set of Admission and Reserved Seats Tickets for the two days, 7s. 6d., may be had at the Crystal Palace, at 5, Easter Hill, or of the Agents of the Company. Early application for Forward Reserved Seats is requisite.

RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.—BARKER'S PICTURE.—This grand historical PICTURE is NOW ON VIEW at 78, Cornhill, N.B.—The Portraits of Lord CLYDE, Sir J. OUTRAM, Sir J. INGLIS, the late Sir H. HAVELOCK, Colonel ALISON, &c., will also be Exhibited. Admission free, by private address card.—HAYWARD and LEGGATT, No. 78, Cornhill.

PICTURES.—CITY AUTUMN EXHIBITION, including nearly 300 Pictures, contributed direct from the Artists expressly for this occasion, is NOW OPEN, at HAYWARD and LEGGATT'S GALLERY. Entrance at 28, Cornhill.—Admission free, by private address card, or on payment of Sixpence each, including Catalogue.

A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, M.A., formerly Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, residing in a healthy town about fifty miles from London, will have a VACANCY for a PUPIL or TWO, after Michaelmas. Terms, £250 per annum; or Two Brothers, £250.—Address Rev. S. L., Messrs. SHERRIFFS, Booksellers, Broad-street, Oxford.

PRIVATE TUITION IN THE VICINITY OF THE MALVERN HILLS.—A Married Clergyman, M.A., Graduate in Honour of Trinity College, Cambridge, receives THREE PUPILS into his family to prepare for the Universities, Civil Service, the Artillery, Engineers, and the other branches of the Army. His house is delightfully situated, standing in its own grounds in a healthy part of Worcestershire. There is now a VACANCY for ONE.—Address, Rev. A. B., care of Messrs. LEA and FERRIS, Great Malvern, Worcestershire.

EDUCATION.—In the most healthy locality near London (South).—Gentlemen who have many years with the greatest success Prepared Youths for the PUBLIC SCHOOLS, the CIVIL SERVICES, and the LIBERAL PROFESSIONS, has now TWO VACANCIES. The number of Pupils is very limited, and the highest references will be given.—Address A. Y., care of Professor BYER, 5, Conduit-street, Hanover-square, W.

COMPANION, CHAPERONE, or FINISHING MORNING GOVERNESS.—A Lady who has passed much time in France, Germany, and Italy, is desirous of a TEMPORARY ENGAGEMENT in the COUNTY, SEA-SIDE, or to chaperone a Young Lady on the Continent, for Health or Education, for which she can offer the highest references. Her qualifications are English thoroughness, French, German, Italian, Music, Harp, and Pianoforte. Address L. M., SMITH'S LIBRARY, 4, Edwards-street, Portman-square.

NEW COLLEGE SCHOOL, OXFORD.—The School having been placed upon a new footing, and the premises much enlarged, it is proposed to INCREASE the NUMBER of BOARDERS not on the Foundation. The Younger Boys are prepared for the Winchester College Election; the Seniors for the University. For particulars apply to Rev. W. TUCKWELL, 28, Holywell, Oxford, Head Master.

BELSIZE COLLEGE FOR LADIES, 3 and 4, Belsize Park, Hampstead, N.W.
Principal..... Mrs. JOHNSON.
Director of Education..... Mr. JOHNSON.
This Institution, recently removed from Kensington Hall, will be RE-OPENED, at the close of the Vacation, on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th.
The New Prospectus, containing full particulars as to the Nature and Objects of the College, with Lists of the Lectures, Lessons and Classes, the Fees for Board and Education, &c., may be obtained of the Principal, No. 3, Belsize Park.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON, 67 & 68, Harley-street, W. (Incorporated by Royal Charter in 1853 for the General Education of Ladies, and for Granting Certificates of Knowledge.)
Visitor.—THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.
Principal.—The Very Rev. the DEAN of WESTMINSTER.

The CLASSES for MICHAELMAS TERM will MEET on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4th. Arrangements are made for the reception of Boarders. Prospectuses, with full particulars as to Subjects, Fees, Scholarships, and Examinations, may be obtained on application to Mrs. WILLIAMS, at the College Office.
E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, 67 & 68, Harley-street, W.
The CLASSES of this School will be RESUMED on THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th. The Senior Division is taught chiefly by Miss HAY, the Lady Superintendent; the Junior Pupils (principally on the Plan of Object Lessons and the like) by Miss ROSALIND HOSKING. Pupils are admissible at the age of six.
E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF MINES, JERMYN STREET, LONDON.
Director.—Sir RODERICK I. MURCHISON, D.C.L. &c.
The PROSPECTUS for the SESSION commencing on the 1st of OCTOBER next, will be sent on application to the Registrar. The Courses of Instruction embrace Chemistry, by Dr. HOPKIN; Physics, by Prof. TINDALL; Natural History, by Prof. HUXLEY; Mineralogy and Mining, by Mr. WASHINGTON SMYTH; Metallurgy, by Dr. PERCY; and Applied Mechanics, by Prof. WILLIS.
TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

THE GRANGE HOUSE SCHOOL, EDINBURGH.

Principal.—JOHN DALGLISH, Esq.
Vice-Principal.—W. SCOTT DALGLISH, M.A. Edin.
EXAMINERS.
Classics.—LEONARD SCHMITZ, Esq., LL.D., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh.
Mathematics.—Rev. F. KELLAND, M.A. Cantab., Professor of Mathematics, University of Edinburgh.
English.—J. D. MORELL, Esq., LL.D., one of H. M. Inspectors of Schools.
Modern Languages.—MAX MÜLLER, Esq., M.A., Taylorian Professor of Modern Languages, Oxford.

MASTERS.
The VICE-PRINCIPAL.
Mr. F. B. CALVERT, M.A., York-place.
Mr. F. CHAUMONT, B.A. (Paris), Castle-st.
Mr. A. GILMOUR, Mary-place.
Mr. W. LEES, M.A., Dublin-street.
Dr. LEMMI, Rutland-street.
Professor LISTON, Elm Cottage, Whitehouse Gardens.
Mr. LOWE, Frederick-street.
Lieut. J. MACKIE, Haeburn-place.

LECTURERS.
The VICE-PRINCIPAL.
Mr. FLEMING, Portobello.
Dr. W. B. HODGSON.
Mr. W. KNIGHT.
Mr. W. LEES, M.A.
Dr. STEVENSON MACADAM, F.R.S.E.
The SESSION COMMENCES on the 1st of OCTOBER, on which day all the Pupils are expected to be present.

ARMY and INDIA CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.
A Military Tutor, who has several Candidates for the above reading with him, will be happy to meet with others, resident or non-resident. His Establishment can be highly recommended for its discipline and efficiency by persons of very high standing, whose Sons have passed distinguished Examinations. His Pupils have twice obtained the highest number of marks in modern languages at the I.C.S. Examinations, and have been placed 4th, 7th, and 10th. The best Masters in every branch of Education are in attendance, and the house, library, and general management afford every facility for rapid progress, without having recourse to "cramming."—Apply to Mr. SPANGLER, M.A., 13, Princes-square, Baywater, W.

MR. WALTER, M.R.C.S.L., married, and practising in Dover, has for many years past received into his house, and treated successfully, PATIENTS in the higher ranks of life, whose health, whether of body or mind, may have required constant medical care, combined with the advantages of sea-air and a cheerful refined home. Mr. WALTER has now a VACANCY for a GENTLEMAN, or would undertake the care of a Youth of Weak Intellect. An open carriage is kept. References to any former Patients, and to the leading Members of the Medical Profession. Address J. WALTER, Esq., 1, St. Martin's-place, Dover.

SECRETARY.—WANTED, a Gentleman competent to undertake the SECRETARYSHIP of a FIRST-CLASS PUBLIC COMPANY, who would be ready and willing to advance, on account of preliminary expenses, to the extent (if required) of £500.—Address G. B., PACE'S LIBRARY, Camden-road, Camden-town, N.W.

MR. PARSONS, L.D.S., Consulting Dentist, REMOVED to No. 11, YORK PLACE, PORTMAN SQUARE, W. Twenty-eight years' experience and practice.

TO TOURISTS and TRAVELLERS.—PASSPORTS and VISES PROCURED, without personal attendance, by applying to C. GOODMAN, Agent (Successor to LEIGH and Co.), 407, Strand, N.E.—Circular of Instructions Post Free.

A LADY, who takes the "GUARDIAN," wishes to EXCHANGE it for the "SATURDAY REVIEW," the respective papers to be forwarded on the Friday and Monday after publication, or such a day later, if so wished.—Address M. N., Hurst-green, Sussex.

HYDROPATHY.—THE BEULAH SPA HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, Upper Norwood, repeats with every comfort, within twenty minutes' walk of the Crystal Palace, a course of treatment for Patients and Visitors. The latter can have the advantage, if desired, of a private residence. The site is unrivalled for its healthiness. Particulars of Dr. RITTERBAUDT, M.D., the Resident Physician.

HYDROPATHY.—SUDBROOK PARK, near Richmond, Surrey.—This Establishment is now OPEN for the reception of Patients, under the superintendence of the present Proprietor, Dr. E. W. LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin., Author of "Hydrophy; or, Hygienic Medicine." Second Edition. John Churchill, New Burlington-street. All applications to be made to the Secretary, Mr. J. KING.

DR. DE JONGH'S
(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)
LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,
Administered with the greatest success in cases of
CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM,
GOUT, GENERAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN,
RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

Extensive experience, and the recorded testimony of numberless eminent medical practitioners, prove that a half-pint of DR. DE JONGH'S Oil is equal in remedial effects to a quart of any other kind. Hence as it is incomparably the best, so it is likewise far the cheapest. Palatableness, speedy efficiency, safety, and economy unitedly recommend this unrivalled preparation to invalids.

OPINION OF EDWIN LANKESTER, Esq., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.L.S.
Late Lecturer on the Practice of Physic at St. George's Medical School, Superintendent of the Food Collection at the South Kensington Museum, &c. &c.

"I consider that the purity and genuineness of this Oil are secured in its preparation by the personal attention of so good a Chemist and intelligent a Physician as Dr. de Jongh, who has also written the best medical treatise on the Oil with which I am acquainted. Hence I deem the Cod Liver Oil sold under his guarantee to be preferable to any other kind as regards genuineness and medicinal efficacy."
"S, Saville-row, W., 1st August, 1859."

Sold ONLY in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 6d.; Quarts, 6s., capsaules, and labelled with DR. DE JONGH'S stamp and signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE, by respectable Chemists.

SOLE CONSIGNEES,
ANSAR, HARFORD, AND CO., 77, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

MAPPIN AND CO., SHEFFIELD MANUFACTURERS, 77 and 78, OXFORD STREET, OPPOSITE THE PANTHEON.

The largest Stock in London of Electro-Silver Plate and Cutlery.
MAPPIN AND CO.'S ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE
Is guaranteed to have a strong deposit of the Purest Silver, according to prices charged.
MAPPIN AND CO.'S UNRIVALLED TABLE CUTLERY.

	Good.	Medium.	Superior.
1 doz. Table Knives, Ivory handles	£9 13 0	£1 0 0	£1 15 0
1 doz. Cheese Knives	£9 13 0	£1 0 0	£1 15 0
1 pair Registered Meat Carvers	0 4 0	0 7 0	0 13 0
1 pair Extra size ditto	0 5 0	0 8 0	0 13 0
1 pair Poultry Carvers	0 4 0	0 7 0	0 13 0
1 Steel for sharpening	0 2 0	0 3 0	0 4 0
Complete Service	£2 0 0	£3 0 0	£5 2 0

Each article may be had separately at the same price.

These Table Knives are guaranteed the best sold in London, at the prices charged. They are made of the purest steel, and the handles are so secured that they cannot become loose in hot water. It is in consequence of Messrs. MAPPIN and Co. being manufacturers, that they are enabled to offer their Table Knives at such unprecedented low prices.

MAPPIN AND CO.'S RAZORS, PENKNIVES, SPORTSMEN'S KNIVES, and SCISSORS will be found on trial to be unequalled.

MAPPIN AND CO., 77 and 78, OXFORD-STREET, OPPOSITE THE PANTHEON. MANUFACTORY: ROYAL CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

MAPPIN AND CO. have no connexion whatever with any other house of a similar name in London.

STONE GRATES, KITCHENERS, KITCHEN RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FENDERS, and FIRE-IRONS.—An unexampled assortment of well-constructed Stone Grates in fine cast, Berlin black, steel and ornate, and of Fenders, Fire-irons, and Chimney-Pieces, at the lowest possible prices, at EDWARDS, SON, and CO.'S extensive SHOW-ROOMS, 48, Great Marlborough-street, Regent-street, W., exactly opposite the Conservatory Entrance to the Pantheon Bazaar. The beautiful Porcelain Tile Grates in great variety, from 2 to 50 guineas each. Edwards' Smoke-Consuming Range and the most improved Kitcheners of all sizes. Warm Baths erected. Illustrated Prospectuses forwarded. For 25 years in Poland-street adjoining.

BANK OF DEPOSIT (ESTABLISHED A.D. 1844),
3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON.—CAPITAL STOCK, £100,000.
Parties desirous of investing Money are requested to examine the Plan of the Bank of Deposit, by which a high rate of interest may be obtained with ample security.
Deposits made by special agreement may be withdrawn without notice.
The interest is payable in January and July.
Forms for opening accounts sent free on application.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
1, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.—INSTITUTED 1820.

DIRECTORS.
FREDERICK PATTERSON, Esq., Chairman.
THOMAS NEWMAN HUNT, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.
Thomas George Barclay, Esq.
James C. C. Bell, Esq.
Charles Cave, Esq.
Edward Henry Chapman, Esq.
George William Cottam, Esq.
George Henry Cutler, Esq.
Henry Davidson, Esq.
George Hibbert, Esq.
Samuel Hibbert, Esq.
James Gordon Murdoch, Esq.
William R. Robinson, Esq.
Martin Tucker Smith, Esq., M.P.
Newman Smith, Esq.

SECURITY.—The assured are protected from the liabilities attaching to mutual assurance by a fund of a million and a half sterling, of which nearly a million is actually invested, one-third in Government Securities, and the remainder in first-class debentures and mortgages in Great Britain.
PROFITS.—Four-fifths, or 80 per cent. of the profits are assigned to policies every fifth year. The assured are entitled to participate after payment of one premium.
PURCHASE OF POLICIES.—A liberal allowance is made on the surrender of a policy, either by a cash payment or the issue of a policy free of premium.
CLAIMS.—The Company has disbursed in payment of claims and additions upwards of £1,500,000.
Proposals for insurances may be made at the chief office, as above; at the branch office, 18, Pall-mall, London; or to any of the agents throughout the kingdom.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.
* Service allowed in Militia and Volunteer Rifle Corps within the United Kingdom.

CONTINENTAL WINE COMPANY (LIMITED),
2, GREAT ST. HELEN'S, BISHOPSGATE STREET, E.C.

Wines bought of the growers and sold at wholesale prices.
Sherry, 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 45s.
Port, 20s., 24s., 30s., 45s., 60s.
Claret, 22s., 24s., 30s., 45s., 60s.
Hock, 24s., 30s., 36s., 45s., 60s.
Champagne, 32s., 36s., 45s., 60s., 80s.
French Brandy as imported, 50s., 55s.
The COMPANY'S OWN PORT and SHERRY, 24s., highly recommended.

ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE IN BOTTLE, recommended by
Baron LIEBIG and all the Faculty, may now be had in the finest condition of
Hosier, HARRINGTON PARKER, and Co., who have REDUCED the PRICE of this
highly esteemed beverage to
4s. 6d. per dozen Imperial Pints,
2s. 6d. Imperial Half-pints.
Address HARRINGTON PARKER, and Co., 54, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

BUY IN THE CHEAPEST MARKET was the constant
advice of our late lamented Statesman, Sir R. Peel. The EAST INDIA TEA
COMPANY are still supplying Tea as usual at 2s. 4d. per lb.
Warehouse, 9, Great St. Helen's.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST TEAS IN ENGLAND are to be
obtained of PHILLIPS and CO., Tea Merchants, 2, King William-street, City, London.
Good strong useful Congou Tea, 2s. 6d., 2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., 3s., and 3s. 6d. Rich Souchong
Tea, 2s. 6d., 2s. 8d., and 3s. Tea and Coffee, to the value of 40s., sent carriage free by any
railway station or market town in England. A Price Current free by post on application.

BROWN and POLSON'S PATENT CORN FLOUR,
preferred to the best Arrowroot. Delicious in Puddings, Custards, Biscuits, Bannocks,
Cakes, &c., and especially suited to the delicacy of the Invalids. The London
states—"This is superior to anything of the kind known." Paisley and London.

**CROSSE and BLACKWELL, Purveyors in Ordinary to Her
Majesty,** invite attention to their PICKLES, SAUCES, TART FRUITS, and other
Table Delicacies, the whole of most scrupulous attention to the highest
wholesomeness and purity. C. and B. have for years enjoyed the high honour of
supplying Her Majesty's Table with their Manufactures. A few of the articles most highly
recommended are—Pickles and Tart Fruits of every description, Royal Table Sauce, Essence
of Shrimps, Soho Sauce, Essence of Anchovies, Grouse Marmalade, Anchovy and Biscuit
Pastes, Strawberry and other Potted Meats, Calf's-foot Jellies of various kinds for table
use, M. Sayer's Sauces, Relish, and Aromatic Mustard, Carstairs' Sir Robert Peel's Sauce,
and Jap's Hot Crab Sauce. To be obtained of all respectable Grocers, and
wholesale of CROSSE and BLACKWELL, 21, Soho-square, London.

**DRESSING-CASES, DRESSING-BAGS, and highly-finished
Elegancies for Presentation in great variety of Ivory-handled Table Cutlery.** Every
requisite for the Toilet and Work Tables.—KECH and BAZIN, 112, Regent-street;
4, Leadenhall-street; and Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

**SELLING OFF—TRAVELLING BAGS, DRESSING
CASES, &c.** Messrs. BRIGGS offer the whole of their large and costly Stock at an
immense reduction, to avoid injury during the extensive alterations which will be im-
minently commenced, consisting of Dressing and Writing Cases, Despatch Boxes, Travelling
Bags, Work Boxes, Jewel Cases, Inkstands, Envelope Cases, Blotting Books, Stationery
Cases, Superior Cutlery, &c. &c. Also, an Elegant Assortment of Articles suitable for
Presents, Archery Prizes, &c.
27, Piccadilly, W., next door to St. James's Hall. Established Forty Years.

**BEDSTEADS, BATHS, and LAMPS.—WILLIAM S.
BURTON** has SIX LARGE SHOW-ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE
DISPLAY of Lamps, Baths, and Metallic Bedsteads. The stock of each is at once the largest,
newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportion-
ate with those that have tended to make his Establishment the most distinguished in
this country.

Bedsteads, from 12s. 6d. to £20 0s. each.
Shower Baths, from 15s. 0d. to 45 0s. each.
Lamps (Moderator) from 6s. 0d. to 47 7s. each.
(All other kinds at the same rate.)
Pure Colza Oil 4s. per gallon.

**WILLIAM S. BURTON'S GENERAL FURNISHING
IRONMONGERY CATALOGUE** may be had gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards
of Five Hundred Illustrations of his Illustrated Stock of Electro and Sheffield Plate, Nickel
Silver and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish-Covers and Hot Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders,
Marble Chimney-Pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Urns, and Kettles, Tea
Trays, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths and Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads,
Bedding, Bed-room Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices and Plans of the Sixteen large
Show Rooms, at 59, Oxford-street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, and 3, Newman-street; and 4, 6, and 6,
Perry's-place, London.—Established 1820.

**COALS.—BEST COALS ONLY.—COCKERELL and Co.'s
price is now 35s. per ton cash, for the BEST SCREENED COALS, as supplied by
them to her Majesty.—13, Cornhill, E.C.; Purfleet Wharf, Earl-street, Blackfriars, E.C.;
Baton Wharf, Grosvenor-place, Pimlico, S.W.; and Sunderland Wharf, Peckham, S.E.**

£1000.—A Capitalist having from £500 to £1000 at com-
mand may, without risk or trouble, realize an income of from £200 to
£250 per annum, in a lucrative monopoly, free from risk.—Address Mr. F. SUTTERS, 23,
South-street, Manchester-square.

KEATING'S COD LIVER OIL, just imported.—The Pale
is in Newfoundland, and the Light Brown from Norway. The supplies of the pre-
sent season have never been surpassed, the Fish being unusually fine and the Oil nearly
tasteless. Professors TAYLOR and THOMPSON, of Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, have
analyzed and pronounced the Pale Newfoundland Oil the best and most desirable for
Invalids of very delicate constitution. The Light Brown is being more economical in price is
brought within the reach of all classes. No higher price need be paid than the following—
Light Brown, 1s. 3d. per Pint, or 3s. per Quart; Pale, 1s. 6d. Half Pint, 2s. 6d. Pints, 4s. 6d.
Quarts, or in 5-Pint Bottles, 10s. 6d. Imperial Measure.

NERVO-ARTERIAL ESSENCE, prepared only by Dr.
W. M. BATCHELOR, M.R.C.S.E. 1835, and M.A.C. 1834. It strengthens the
vitality of the whole system without reaction, and speedily removes nervous complaints.
In Scirrhus, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 25s., at Godfrey's, 21, Regent-street; Butler
and Crispin's, No. 4, Chancery; Sutton and Co., Bow Churchyard; Barclay and Sons,
Farringdon-street; 12, Finsbury-place South, City; and all Chemists.

**A FINE HEAD OF HAIR, WHISKERS, OR
MOUSTACHE,** permanently obtained by OLDIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA,
which prevents the hair turning grey, and the first application causes it to curl beauti-
fully, free from fat and oil, and keeps the hair soft and restores it again, and
promotes the growth of new hair. Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. per bottle.—Ask for "Oldridge's
Balm." No. 22, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**BLIGHTS, MILDEW, BEDBUGS.—GISHURST
COMPOUND,** patented for preventing and destroying these and other pests.—See
Gardener's Chronicle, Cottage Gardener, and Field. In boxes, 1s. 3s., 10s. 6d.; retail of
all Nursery and Seedsmen, wholesale of PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY (Limited).

GLASS PAINTING AND MURAL DECORATION.

LAVERS and BARRAUD, of ENDELL-STREET, BLOOMSBURY,
beg to inform their Patrons that they will be happy to submit Designs for works of
the highest character, and for more simple windows—e.g., Grisaille, Geometric, and Quarry
Glassings; also, for Mural Decoration. Prices and Information forwarded.

ECCLESIASTICAL and DOMESTIC DECORATION—
Heraldic and Mural Painting—Decorations in Fresco, &c. &c.—Gothic Paper-
hangings. Designs and Estimates furnished, or an Illustrated Priced Catalogue upon
application.
HARLAND and FISHER, 35, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

GEOLOGY and MINERALOGY.—Elementary Collections,
which greatly facilitate the study of these interesting branches of Science, can be
had at 2s. 6d., 3s., 5s., to 100 Guineas each, of J. TENNANT, Mineralogist to Her Majesty,
140, Strand, London. Also, Geological Maps, Hammers, Books, &c.
Mr. TENNANT gives Private Instruction in Mineralogy and Geology.

H. J. and D. NICOLL'S ESTABLISHMENTS for
GENTLEMEN and MODERATE-PRICED CLOTHING.
REGENT STREET, CORNHILL, and MANCHESTER.

THE CAPE PALETOT, INVERNESS CAPE,
or SLEEVED CAPE, used in Private Life, as well as for Volunteer Corps.
H. J. and D. NICOLL, 114, 116, 118, 120, REGENT STREET, W.; 22, CORNHILL, E.C.;
and 10, ST. ANN'S SQUARE, Manchester.

CLOTHING for YOUTH.—The Nickerbocker, the Highland
Dress, Ladies' Travelling Mantles, Riding Habits, and Pantalons de Dames a Cheval,
with much novelty and general excellence. H. J. and D. NICOLL have, for the remainder
of this Season, at WARWICK HOUSE, 142 and 144, Regent-street. In the Autumn this
branch will be removed to the rear of the old Establishment.

VISITORS to the SEASIDE and TOURISTS will find
much ease and comfort in the NEUTRAL-COLOURED LOOSE COAT, fastened by
one or more buttons, with Trousers and Vest, all of one material, as originally introduced
by Messrs. NICOLL, of Regent-street and Cornhill. They recommend also a Black Velvet
Coat, and for gentlemen seeking a kind of half-dress morning coat a fine black cloth
is specially prepared. This garment is edged with braid and cut somewhat as a riding-coat,
and is getting into general use.

CHURCH FURNITURE—COMMUNION SERVICES—
LINEN—EMBROIDERY—ROBES—SURPLICES, &c. The Clergy are respectfully
informed that Messrs. H. J. and D. NICOLL undertake the entire FURNISHING OF
CHURCHES—The Supply of Robes, Hoods, &c., correctly, and at moderate prices.
H. J. and D. NICOLL, Ecclesiastical Department, 114, REGENT STREET.

OUTFITS FOR INDIA.—THRESHER and GLENNY
(next door to Somerset House), Strand, the original and exclusive manufacturers of
THRESHER'S INDIA GAUZE WAISTCOATS, India Twined Shirts, Kashmir Fiance
Shirts, and Waterproof Trunks—N.B. Lists of the necessary outfit for every appointment
with prices of each article, to be forwarded on application.

**SHIRTS.—UNEQUALLED for QUALITY and accuracy of
fit.** Sizes or measures registered for future Orders, and FAMILY HOSIERY in
STOCKINGS, SOCKS, VESTS and DRAWERS of the best descriptions and newest styles
in every material for the season.
POPE and PLANTE, 4, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, Post Free, 7s. 6d. per Quarter;
and all Newspapers on the lowest terms. A List gratis on application. BOOKS sup-
plied at TEN PER CENT. DISCOUNT, and sent carriage or POST FREE. P.O. Orders
payable at the Strand Office.
EDWARD THOMPSON, Publisher and News Agent, 3, Burlington-street, Strand, W.C.

**TO BOOK BUYERS.—A PRICED LIST of VALUABLE
SECOND-HAND BOOKS** in Divinity, English History and Literature, the Drama,
Greek and Roman Classics, Mathematics, &c. &c., the result of recent purchases. Send
Stamp for postage.
W. HEATH, 47, Oxford-street, London.

Second Edition, in Fcap. 8vo, price 3s. 6d. cloth.
ENOCH: a Poem, in Three Books. By ROBERT STAFFORD, M.A.
London: LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, and ROBERTS.

Just published, Fcap. 8vo, price 3s. 6d. cloth.
THE FRENCH UNDER ARMS. By BLANCHARD JERROLD.
L. BOOTH, 307, Regent-street.

A MANUAL OF ILLUMINATION. By I. W. BRADLEY,
B.A. With Appendix by T. GOODWILL, B.A., and Twelve Lithographic Illustrations.
Price 1s.
WINNOR and NEWTON, 33, Bathbone-place, London, W.; and all
Booksellers and Artists' Coloumen.

NEW and CHEAPER EDITION.
Just published, in Four Vols., price 2s. cloth.
WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? By PISISTRATUS
CAXTON. Handsomely printed in Post 8vo, uniform with the Library Edition of
Sir E. D. EYRE's Works.
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London; to be had of all Booksellers.

Next week will be published, price 1s.
**REPLY to PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S REMARKS, in
his Work "ON THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS,"** relating to RENDU'S "THEORIE
DES GLACIERS." By JAMES D. FORBES, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., Principal of the United
College in the University of St. Andrews, late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the
University of Edinburgh.
Edinburgh: ADAM and CHARLES BLACK. London: LONGMAN and Co.

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.
Demy 8vo, 2s.; by post, 2s. 3d.

**EXAMINATION OF STUDENTS WHO ARE NOT
MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY.**—Examination Papers, with List of Syndics
and Examiners, and the Regulations, &c., for the Examination held in December, 1860.
To which are added the Regulations for the Examination in 1860.

THE CLASS LISTS FOR 1859. Price 6d., or by post for
7 stamps.

**SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SYNDICATE
PRESENTED TO THE SENATE.** Price 1s., or by post for 13 stamps.
GEORGE COX, Cambridge Warehouse, 32, Paternoster-row, London.
DEIGHTON, BELL, and Co., Cambridge.

TRAVELLING MAPS,
Based on the Plates designed by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,
with the Latest Corrections.

STANFORD'S TRAVELLING RAILWAY and ROAD MAP of ENGLAND and WALES.
Scale 12 miles to the inch. Full coloured, on sheet, 6s.; case, 5s. 6d.; roller, 12s.

STANFORD'S TRAVELLING MAP of SCOTLAND, with the Coach-roads and Railways,
Heights of Mountains, &c.; showing also the Rivers, Canals, Lochs, Islands, &c.
Scale 12 miles to 1 inch. Full coloured, on sheet, 3s. 6d.; case, 3s. 6d.; roller, 5s.

STANFORD'S TRAVELLING ROAD and RAILWAY MAP of IRELAND; showing also
the Rivers, Canals, Lochs, Mountains, &c. Full coloured, on sheet, 2s. 6d.; case, 3s. 6d.;
roller, 5s.

STANFORD'S TRAVELLING MAP of NORTH and SOUTH WALES. Coloured and folded
in cover, 1s.; on cloth, in case, 2s. 6d.

Smaller Pocket Maps of England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Price 3s. each,
mounted on canvas, in cloth case.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 6, Charing-cross, S.W.

ALL THE LAW.—Just published, the New Part of
EVANS'S LAW DIGEST, containing all the Cases decided and Statutes enacted
during the last Half-year, and arranged so that the latest law on any subject
may be found in a moment, price 3s. 6d.
LAW TIMES OFFICE, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**MELBOURNE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—THE
PIANOFORTE.—THE BUILDING OF THIS DAY,** price Fourpence, Stamped Five-
pence, contains—Fine View and Complete Plan of the Melbourne Houses of Parlia-
ment—The History of the Pianoforte—Building Act Amendment—Etching—Strength of Building
Stones—The Alterations in the National Gallery—Archæologists in Bangor Ventilation
of Gas—Prevention of Fires—The Arrangement of a Kitchen—Illuminated Clocks—The
Trades' Movement—Works in France—School-building News—Church-building News—
Provincial News—Competitions, &c.
Office, 1, York-street, Covent-garden; and all Booksellers.

THE NEW NOVELS, NOW READY.

CARSTONE RECTORY. By GEORGE GRAHAM. Three Vols.

THE ROAD TO HONOUR. Three Vols.

"This story will be perused with profit as well as pleasure. Great interest attaches to the principal personages."—*Observer*.

NIGHT AND DAY. By the Hon. C. S. SAVILE. Three Vols.
"A most exciting story, very well written, and which cannot fail to attract attention."—*Sun*.

Also now ready, price 5s. bound and illustrated,
THE OLD JUDGE. By SAM SLICK. Forming Vol. XII. of HURST and BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY OF CHEAP EDITIONS.
"The present work of Judge Halliburton is quite equal to his first."—*Chronicle*.

HURST & BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS, 12, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

BOOKS ON ITALY.

THE VICISSITUDES OF ITALY SINCE THE CONQUEST OF VIENNA. By A. L. V. GIBBON. With Portraits of Cavour and D'Azeglio. Price 2s. boards.

SICILY AND CALABRIA. By THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE. With Coloured Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth, price 7s. 6d.

London: ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, and ROUTLEDGE, Farringdon-street, E.C.; and all Booksellers.

BOOKS ON CHINA.

CHINA. By G. WINGROVE COOKE, Esq. (*Times* Special Correspondent.) Illustrated with Maps, Plans, and a Portrait of the late Commissioner Yeh. Post 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

LIFE IN CHINA. By W. C. MILNE, M.A. With Original Maps and Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth, price 3s.

THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE CHINESE. By the Rev. JOSEPH EDKINS, B.A. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, price 2s. 6d.

London: ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, and ROUTLEDGE, Farringdon-street, E.C.; and all Booksellers.

SCIENTIFIC FARMING.

SCIENTIFIC FARMING MADE EASY; or the Science of Agriculture reduced to Practice. By THOMAS C. FLETCHER, Analytical Chemist. In Fcap. 8vo, boards, price 2s.; or half-bound, 3s. 6d.

HOW TO FARM PROFITABLY. By Mr. Alderman MEHL. A New Edition, amended and considerably enlarged.

London: ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, and ROUTLEDGE, Farringdon-street, E.C.; and all Booksellers.

In Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, price 7s. 6d.

GRIMM'S HOUSEHOLD STORIES. (The only Complete Edition.) This celebrated work contains the choicest Popular Fairy Tales and Legends of Germany and Northern Europe, collected by the Brothers Grimm, newly translated, and illustrated with 500 Engravings by Edward H. Wehnert. An entirely New Edition.

London: ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, and ROUTLEDGE, Farringdon-street, E.C.; and all Booksellers.

NEW HUMOROUS SPORTING NOVEL.

THE TOMMIEBEG SHOOTINGS; or, a Moor in Scotland. By THOMAS PLAINS. With large Illustrations, showing how Mr. Britzy and Mr. Frubbles, two "gentlemen about town," were induced to "take a moor," what happened to them in consequence, how they met with Captain Downy, and profited thereby, their sporting adventures and diverting incidents.

London: ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, and ROUTLEDGE, Farringdon-street.

MURRAY'S HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELLERS ON THE CONTINENT.

THE HANDBOOK FOR NORTH GERMANY, including HOLLAND, BELGIUM, PRUSSIA, and the RHINE to SWITZERLAND. Now ready, a New Edition, with Maps and Plans, Post 8vo, 10s.

KUGLER'S HANDBOOKS OF PAINTING.

THE GERMAN, FLEMISH, and DUTCH SCHOOLS OF PAINTING. Based on the Handbook of KUGLER. By Dr. WAAGER, Director of the Royal Gallery of Pictures, Berlin. Uniform with the above, 2s.

THE ITALIAN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING. From the German of KUGLER. Edited by Sir CHARLES EASTLAKE, B.A., President of the Royal Academy. Third Edition, with Illustrations. Two Vols. Post 8vo, 40s.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

NEW VOLUME OF THE WELLINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY DESPATCHES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, relating to the Expeditions to Denmark—Plans for the Conquest of Mexico—Expeditions to Portugal—and First Advance of the British Army into Spain, July, 1807—December, 1810. Edited by HIS SON.

Uniform with the above,

THE IRISH CORRESPONDENCE, 1807 to 1809. 8vo, 20s.

II.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY DESPATCHES, RELATING TO INDIA. Four Vols. 8vo, 2s. each.

"These Volumes reader complete the Indian Section of the First Edition of the Wellington Despatches, 1797—1805."

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

DOUGLAS ON NAVAL GUNNERY.

A TREATISE ON NAVAL GUNNERY; its Improved Theory and Practice. By General Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS, Bart. "A text-book for the artillery, as long as the science is studied."—*United Service Gazette*.

By the same Author,

II. NAVAL WARFARE WITH STEAM. Second Edition. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

III. PRINCIPLES and CONSTRUCTION OF MILITARY BRIDGES. Third Edition. Plates. 8vo, 21s.

IV. MODERN SYSTEMS OF FORTIFICATION. Plans. 8vo, 12s.

V. DEFENCE OF ENGLAND. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

Super-Royal 8vo, cloth, 12s.

PALEY'S (DR. WILLIAM) THEOLOGICAL WORKS. A New Edition, with Illustrative Notes and a Life of the Author; Fine Portrait after Romney.

London: WILLIAM TEGG, 8, Queen-street, Cheap-side, E.C.

In Small 8vo, price 2s.

INITIA SACRA: Instruction for Adults in the Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of England. By the Rev. G. RIADORE, M.A., Dom. Chaplain to the Duke of Gloucester, &c.

LIVINGTONS, Waterloo-place.

Lately published, in Two Vols. Post 8vo, 21s. cloth.

MEMORIALS OF THOMAS HOOD.

Collected, Arranged, and Edited by HIS DAUGHTER.

With a Preface and Notes by HIS SON.

Illustrated with many Copies from his own Sketches, and of a MS. Page of "The Song of the Shirt."

"The most elaborate biography could not give a better idea of Thomas Hood than we obtain from the simple Memorials now published. . . . These letters perfectly reflect his character with all its fun, geniality, and tenderness. . . . Much or little, however, all is well done."—*Times*, September 7th, 1860.

EDWARD MOXON AND CO., 44, DOVER STREET.

WORKS BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

1. HOOD'S POEMS. Eleventh Edition. Fcap. 8vo, price 7s. cloth.
2. HOOD'S POEMS of WIT and HUMOUR. Ninth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 5s. cloth.
3. HOOD'S OWN; or, Laughter from Year to Year. A New Edition, in One Vol. 8vo, illustrated by 350 Woodcuts, price 10s. 6d. cloth.
4. HOOD'S WHIMS and ODDITIES, in Prose and Verse. With Eighty-seven Original Designs. A New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, price 6s. cloth.

EDWARD MOXON AND CO., 44, DOVER STREET.

PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS.

Recently published—

- CONVICT ESTABLISHMENT AT BERMUDA.** Further Papers relative to. 10 pp. Fcap. Folio, price 1d.
- CONVICT DISCIPLINE and TRANSPORTATION TO THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.** Further Correspondence in continuation of Papers presented in 1850. 134 pp. Fcap. Folio, price 1s. 4d.
- COLONIAL POSSESSIONS.** Reports on Her Majesty's Colonial Possessions (transmitted with the Blue Books) for the Year 1858. 142 pp. Fcap. Folio, price 1s. 6d.
- CHANCERY EVIDENCE COMMISSION.** Report on the Mode of taking Evidence in Chancery, and its Effects. 63 pp. Fcap. Folio, price 5d.
- BIRTHS, DEATHS, and MARRIAGES IN ENGLAND.** Twenty-first Annual Report of the Registrar-General. 305 pp. Royal 8vo, price 1s. 6d.
- LAW and EQUITY—PROBATE, DIVORCE, and ADMIRALTY COURTS.** Report of Commissioners on Consolidation of. 128 pp. Fcap. Folio, with large Folding Plan, price 3s.
- BRITISH COLUMBIA.** Further Papers relative to the Affairs of—Part III. 116 pp. Fcap. Folio, price 1s. 3d.
- RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.** Reports on, during the Months of May and June, 1859—Part IV. 8 pp. Fcap. Folio, price 3d.
- TURNPIKE TRUSTS, SCOTLAND.** Abstract of Income and Expenditure for the Year ending Whit-Sunday, 1857. 34 pp. Fcap. Folio, price 5d.
- EXPLORATION—BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.** Further Papers on Exploration between the Northern Branch of the River Saskatchewan and United States, and between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains. 76 pp. Fcap. Folio, with Maps, price 2s.
- NEW ZEALAND.** Further Papers relative to the Affairs of (in continuation of Papers presented 10th April, 1854). 456 pp. Fcap. Folio, with Map, price 2s. 6d.
- TURNPIKE TRUSTS, ENGLAND and WALES.** Abstract of Income and Expenditure for the Year ending 31st December, 1857. 54 pp. Fcap. Folio, price 1s.
- PUBLIC HEALTH.** Second Report of the Medical Officer of the Privy Council, with Appendix, 1859. 344 pp. Royal 8vo, price 1s. 10d.
- INLAND REVENUE.** Fourth Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners of Inland Revenue, on Inland Revenue. 76 pp. Royal 8vo, price 5d.
- PARLIAMENTARY CITIES and BOBOUGHS.** Return of Male Occupiers. 12 pp. Fcap. Folio, price 14d.
- RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.** Return of Number and Nature of, in England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, in the Half-year ending 30th June, 1860. 13 pp. Fcap. Folio, price 3d.
- LAWS OF JERSEY.** Report of Commissioners on the Civil, Municipal, and Ecclesiastical Laws of Jersey. 78 pp. Fcap. Folio, price 1s.

The above, and all descriptions of Parliamentary Papers, may be had at very low prices, of—
Mr. HANSARD, 21, Abingdon-street, Westminster, and 4, Great Turnstile, Lincoln's-inn-fields;
Messrs. EYRE and SPOTTISWOODE, New-street-square, Fleet-street, E.C. } LONDON.
Messrs. LONGMAN, Paternoster-row, E.C.
Messrs. BLACK, EDINBURGH.
Messrs. THOM and SONS, } DUBLIN.
Messrs. HODGES and SMITH, }
And generally of all Booksellers in all parts of the Country.

Just published, with Maps and Plans,

THE ANNALS OF THE WARS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir EDWARD CURT.

Vol. I.—1700 to 1720.

" II.—1720 to 1740.

" III.—1740 to 1760.

" IV.—1760 to 1780.

" V.—1780 to 1796.

Each Volume can be had separately, price 5s.; by post, 5s. 3d.

W. O. MITCHELL, Military Library, 50, Charing-cross.

Now ready, price One Shilling.

SPEECH OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLL in the House of Lords, on the Second Reading of the EUROPEAN FORCES (INDIA) BILL, August 10th, 1859.

Also, price Sixpence.

SPEECH OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLL in the House of Lords, on the Second Reading of the Bill for the REPEAL OF THE PAPER DUTIES, May 21st, 1859.

JAMES RIDGWAY, Piccadilly; and all Booksellers.

Second Edition, Revised and much Enlarged, price 3s. 6d.

A SCHOOL AND COLLEGE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, containing Chapters on Religion, Government, Literature, Trade, Manners, Customs, &c. By J. C. CURRIE, B.A.

"An eminently practical work."—*Educational Times*.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co.

Now ready, the Thirty-fourth Thousand, in Post 8vo, price 7s. 6d.

SOYER'S MODERN HOUSEWIFE. Comprising Receipts for the Economic and Judicious Preparation of Every Meal of the day, and for the Nursery and Sick Room. By the late ALFRED SOYER. With Illustrations on Wood, &c.

"All who have food to cook should buy this book."—*Morning Chronicle*.

Also, by the same Author,

SOYER'S SYSTEM OF COOKERY; or, Gastronomic Regenerator for the Kitchens of the Wealthy. Eighty Thousand. 8vo, 7s. cloth.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co., Stationers'-hall-court.

THE MASSACRE IN SYRIA.

COLONEL CHURCHILL'S "MOUNT LEBANON."

New Edition, in Three Vols. 8vo, Reduced to 25s.

MOUNT LEBANON:

A Ten Years' Residence at the Seat of the Syrian Massacres.

Describing the Manners, Customs, and Religion of its Inhabitants, with a Full and Correct Account of the Druse Religion; and containing Historical Records of the Mountain Tribes, from Personal Intercourse and other Authentic Sources.

By COLONEL CHURCHILL.

SAUNDERS, OTLEY, AND CO., PUBLISHERS, CONDUIT STREET.

NOTICE.—THE NEW NOVEL.

This day is published, in Two Volumes, 21s.

LADY AUBREY;

Or, What Shall I Do?

By the Author of "EVERY DAY."

SAUNDERS, OTLEY, AND CO., 50, CONDUIT STREET, HANOVER SQUARE.

THE LIFE OF DR. WOLFF.

New Edition, Revised and Corrected, with Portrait of Dr. Wolff, 18s.

THE TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF DR. WOLFF.

Dedicated, by permission, to Mr. GLADSTONE.

LONDON: SAUNDERS, OTLEY, AND CO., 50, CONDUIT STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

Just out, Crown 8vo, price 6s. cloth,

ITALY IN TRANSITION:

Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860.

Illustrated by Official Documents from the Papal Archives of the Revolted Legations.

By Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR,
Author of "The Tongue of Fire," &c.

LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

THE PRESENT RATE OF INCREASE AT THIS LIBRARY EXCEEDS
One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Volumes per Annum,
CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF WORKS OF PERMANENT INTEREST AND VALUE.SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION, ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM,
COMMENCING AT ANY DATE.

* * A revised List of Surplus Copies of recent Works withdrawn from circulation, and offered at greatly reduced prices for cash, is now ready, and may be forwarded on application.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE,
509, 510, & 511, NEW OXFORD-STREET, AND 20, 21, & 22, MUSEUM-STREET, LONDON;
74 & 76, CROSS-STREET, MANCHESTER; AND 45, NEW-STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF THE BEST WORKS IN SACRED AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE.

C. J. STEWART,

11, King William Street, West Strand, London, W.C.

HAS ON SALE,

Generally, books valuable for their subjects, or from circumstances connected with their individual histories; and, particularly,

Holy Scriptures in critical editions of the Original Texts, Polyglots, Ancient Versions, &c.; the best Commentators, Ancient and Modern, and works in every department of Sacred Criticism;

Liturgies, Liturgical and Ritualistic Writers; Church Fathers, Middle-age Authors and Schoolmen; the Reformers and other Divines of the Sixteenth Century; the standard English and Foreign Theologians to the present time; Ecclesiastical Historians of all Countries, and Monastic Histories; Illustrations of Antiquities, Ecclesiastical and Civil; Councils, Canon and Civil Law, Ecclesiastical Polity, &c.; Secular History and Antiquities.

Foreign Orders promptly executed.

CATALOGUES ISSUED FROM TIME TO TIME, AND SENT POST-FREE.

Libraries purchased, exchanges made, valuation for legacy-duty, &c.

NEW WORK BY DR. CUMMING.

On September 25th will be published, in One Vol. Crown 8vo, price 7s. 6d.

REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH; OR, THE GREAT PREPARATION. In this New Work will be included the Two Lectures delivered at the Oratoire at Paris, on
THE FUTURE OF THE EARTH, and
THE FUTURE OF ENGLAND.By Rev. Dr. CUMMING, Author of "The Great Tribulation coming on the Earth."
RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington-street, London;
Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

NEW WORKS

JUST PUBLISHED BY MR. BENTLEY.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S STORIES FROM THE SANDHILLS OF JUTLAND. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"It is not alone the world of pinafores and smock-frocks that will receive pleasure from this work. Andersen's Tales are welcome to every household and to every age. They stand unrivalled for delicate humour and gentle wisdom."—*Saturday Review*.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BISHOP HURD; with Selections from his Correspondence, and his unpublished Communion Book. By the Rev. F. KILVERT, M.A., Author of "The Literary Remains of Bishop Warburton." 8vo, with Portrait of the Bishop, 12s.

"We must here close a volume which has taken us back to much old-world matter of interest. The reader rises from it as a man who leaves a society of friends with whom he has not held intercourse for many a long year. It is pleasant to be in such quaint company, and we turn from it with reluctance."—*Athenaeum*.

THE STORY OF ITALY. By the Author of "Bever Hollow" and "Mary Powell." New Edition. 3s. 6d.

MR. DUNLOP'S HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYA; with Notices of the Customs of the Country. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"A mighty hunter is Mr. Dunlop, and a true son of Nimrod."—*Press*.

THE SEMI-ATTACHED COUPLE. By the Author of "The Semi-Detached House." Edited by Lady THERESA LEWIS. Two Vols. Post 8vo.

SALAD FOR THE SOLITARY. By the Author of "Salad for the Solitary." New Edition. 2s. 6d.

LIVES OF ALL THE ITALIAN POETS. By Dr. STEBBING. A New Edition, Re-written. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

A NEW SERIES OF CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY. By FRANCIS BUCKLAND, M.A. Fosp. 8vo, 6s.

* * The FIRST SERIES can also be obtained, price 6s.

A NEW EDITION OF MRS. ELLIS'S MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN. Bound as a Present Book, 5s.

BENTLEY'S SHILLING COOK'S EVERY DAY BOOK.

MAXWELL'S ERIN-GO-BRAGH. 2s. Illustrated Cover.

NEW EDITION OF LAMARTINE'S REMARKABLE CHARACTERS. Post 8vo, 5s.

HINTS TO CHRISTIANS ON THE USE OF THE TONGUE. By G. W. HEEVEY. Edited by the Rev. STEPHEN JENNER, M.A. Post 8vo, 6s.

THE THIRD VOLUME OF M. GUIZOT'S MEMOIRS, 8vo, 14s.

CHAPTERS ON WIVES. By Mrs. ELLIS. Crown 8vo, 5s.

MRS. ECKLEY'S THE OLDEST OF THE OLD WORLD. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d., with an Illustration.

"Here we have vivid sketches of all the chief scenes of Egyptian interest."—*Literary Gazette*.

SAY AND SEAL. By the Author of "Wide, Wide World."

Three Editions.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------|
| I. POPULAR EDITION..... | 2s. 6d. |
| II. — handsomely bound | 3s. 6d. |
| III. LARGE EDITION, illustrated | 7s. 6d. |

THE REAL AND THE BEAU-IDEAL. By the Author of "Visiting My Relations." 4s.

"Thoughts of much depth and beauty will be met with in this work."—*Economist*.

ISAAC HAYES' BOAT VOYAGE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS. Small 8vo, 6s.

"There is a Robinson Crusoe character about this narrative, which gives it a peculiar charm."—*Guardian*.

M. PICHOT'S LIFE AND LABOURS OF SIR CHARLES BELL. Crown 8vo, 5s.

"A book to be read, and re-read. No book is more pregnant with useful lessons to younger members of the liberal profession to which Bell was so distinguished an ornament."—*Notes and Queries*.

THE GORDIAN KNOT. By SHIRLEY BROOKS. With Twenty-two Illustrations by Tenniel.

"Full of broad humour and hearty spirit of caricature, which recall the days when we laughed over Pickwick."—*Athenaeum*.RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
PUBLISHER IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY.

London: Printed by THOMAS CHOWAT SAVILL and JAMES ALLON EDWARDS, at their Office, 4, Chandos-street, Covent-garden, in the County of Middlesex; and Published by DAVID JONES, of 9, Hemingford Cottages, Islington, at the Office, 20, Southampton-street, Strand, in the same County.—September 8, 1860.